

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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THE DOOMED CITY;

THE WOMEN FOE OF HELL'S HOLE *By HOWARD AUSTIN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



They came together in the middle of the span, with the fury of thunderbolts. Harry grappled with the stranger, but both horses broke through the rail at the side of the bridge, and with cries of horror plunged down to the fearful depths below.

News for the Unseen Audience on pages 24 & 25

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THE DOOMED CITY

OR, THE HIDDEN FOE OF PLUMMERDALE

By HOWARD AUSTIN

CHAPTER I.—The Midnight Fiend.

Two young men are strolling along one of the quieter streets of Plummerdale, smoking cigars. They are about twenty-two and three years of age. Both are well dressed, but by their manner and air as well as dress, have every indication of being fast young men.

"I tell you, Charley Mingles, we have got to manage that affair very shrewdly. Pohlman is a shrewd fellow."

"I know it—but father says he has a clew upon him."

"Something must be done."

"I know it."

"But you see that public sentiment might set against us, you know."

"How?"

"Well, it would be in his favor."

"I don't see how it could."

"We are the boys who keep late hours—we are the boys who spend money—and they might say we are the boys who are living beyond our means, and must be the lads who visit the till."

"But he—he has no powerful friends—my grandfather, you know—"

"Oh, hush! I've heard enough about your grandfather. Your head seems extraordinarily thick to-day. Come in and take a drink to clear the cobwebs from your brain."

As the young men crowded about the bar a young man about twenty-five, who had been narrating some recent discovery, continued:

"I tell yer, boys, it's er fact. I saw him day before yesterday, and he's ten feet tall if he is an inch, and his horse—w'y, he looks like a black thundercloud."

"Who ye talkin' about?" asked Charley Mingles.

"That's just what we don't know," continued the narrator. "It's a strange horseman seen among the mountains on the west. He's a great giant with black beard and hair, and eyes like fire. No one knows where he lives or how. I've heard it said he is in league with Old Nick, and I believe it."

"What does he do?" someone asked.

"Nobody knows," answered the narrator. "No one has ever heard him speak. No one has ever

seen him off that powerful black horse. No one has ever seen him still for a single instant. No one can tell from where he comes or where he goes. I'd feel much safer if he were a thousand miles from Plummerdale."

"My grandfather, the judge—" began Charley Mingles.

"Oh, rats!" cried a young fellow in the crowd. "We are tired of hearing about your grandfather, the judge."

Charley Mingles' face flushed, and an angry retort was on his lips; but it was temporarily avoided by another of the crowd asking:

"Can't ye find out something about him, George?"

"No."

"What's his name?"

"A man who came from the valley said that his name was Black Gilbert, and that he was an evil spirit—"

"Gilbert, that accords with what my grandfather—" began Charley Mingles.

"Rats! Give us a rest about that old whisky-soaked judge of a grandfather of yours," the youngster who had before interrupted Charley cried.

"Gus Bridges, you're a fool!"

"Charley Mingles, you are a liar!"

"Take that!"

Two or three quick blows, and then the young men, both the worse for liquor, clinched.

"Hold on, hold on, boys, we are not going to have any fighting here," cried George Stuart, seizing one of the combatants, and pulling him away. Others seized the other, and in a moment they were separated.

"Take him home, Rhody Boyd. We can't have any more fightin' yer," said Stuart.

"Come, Charley, let's go home."

By the assistance of other friends the youth was got out of the saloon, and the two started up the street. At the crossing they met another young man about twenty or twenty-one years of age. He was a bright young fellow, healthy and strong, with no indications of dissipation about him.

"Harry Pohlman, is that you?" asked Charley Mingles.

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"Yes, sir."

"Why, isn't this rather late for you?"

"I was to see your father on business," Harry answered. His face was flushed, and the young machinist in the factory of Mingles and Boyd seemed laboring under a very unnatural strain of excitement.

"You'll get a bad name, Harry, if you go to keeping late hours. By the way, Harry, you are a locksmith, I believe."

"Yes."

"You've got up some new patents for locks, haven't you?"

"I have, and your father has made thousands out of my patents. I have just been to see him, to try and get him to pay me a royalty on my inventions, but he refuses."

"Ha, ha, hah! father is shrewd."

Harry Pohlman, the honest young machinist, had it almost on the end of his tongue to say that he was dishonest, but he refrained from doing so. The three young men had reached an elevated part of the city, which overlooked the main business part, when suddenly there came upon the still, quiet night the ring of hoofs. The street cars had ceased running; not a vehicle was to be heard in this part of the city, and those thundering hoofs seemed to ring upon the air loud as peals of thunder. They halted, and looking up saw, by aid of the moonlight, a man strangely and grotesquely attired, with long black hair and beard, mounted upon a coal-black steed, riding like the wind across the open common and down toward the denser part of the city.

"It is he!" cried Charley Mingles, coming to a halt, and trembling with a strange, unknown dread.

"Who?" asked Harry Pohlman, the young locksmith.

"The mysterious horseman, Black Gilbert."

"Who is Black Gilbert? I have never heard of him before."

"That's a question no one can answer," put in Rhody Boyd. "He's a mystery, a man who is believed to be a sort of a spook, a spirit, or something of the kind."

"That is rather an odd-looking fellow," said the youthful locksmith, walking quietly up the street, "but I will warrant that he is just like the rest of us, flesh and blood."

Like a meteor leaving a trail of fire behind in his flight, the horseman sped down the stony street. He had been gone but a few moments, when Rhody Boyd, looking down upon the lower part of the city, cried:

"Fire—fire!"

Quick as thought the three others wheeled about, and saw the bright flames shooting up from a large wooden building. "Fire—fire—fire!" they all joined in the cry. It was caught up now from every quarter of the city. The fire alarm was sounded, and the city so quiet and peaceful but a few moments before, was rudely awakened by the thundering roar of fire-engine wheels. The stone streets were alive with eager, excited people. Some of them saw a dark, shadowy-like horseman—a dark promethean figure flying here and there—and declared that flames issued from the nostrils of man and beast, to ignite and consume the city. He galloped away a fourth of a mile,

and, passing a house, by the use of what seemed to be a mammoth syringe, inflammable liquid of some character was spread all over one side. The next instant that building was also in flames.

"Hold on, boys!" cried Harry Pohlman, who, with his companions, were running toward the first fire. "Yonder is another blaze."

"Sure enough, Stetson's warehouse is gone. Let us go there. The engines will all be at the fire!"

"Fire—fire—fire, ding-dong, ding-dong!" Rush, roar, thunder! Galloping horses, fire-vomiting engines, thundering wheels, and firemen clinging on to them, went rolling by.

"Where are they going?" cried Harry.

"Look! look, a third fire!" said Rhody Boyd. "What does it mean?"

All Plummerdale was now awakened. It seemed evident that some evil power had determined on the destruction of the city. A panic seized the people and they were like mad creatures rushing hither and thither in their bewilderment. The fire department was not sufficient to quell the flames which some midnight fiend was spreading. From street to street the engines thundered, as each new conflagration broke out, and men, women, and children were knocked down and crushed beneath the powerful wheels. It was a terrible sight. Five, six and seven fires were blazing in different directions, and the city was lighted up with an awful splendor.

"What causes all these fires?" cried the mayor, who had been rudely awakened from peaceful slumbers. "Is there a scheme on foot to destroy the city?"

"It seems so," Harry, who under the fearful ordeal was the coolest of any of them, answered.

"Who is it?"

"It must be the man on the dark horse."

"Man on a dark horse," cried the mayor. "I have seen no man on a dark horse."

"Well, here he comes."

The thunder of hoofs came ringing down the street, heard loud and clear above the wild roar of flames and shouts of frightened people.

"Where, where?" asked the mayor, becoming alarmed.

"Right there behind you."

Before the mayor could spring from his light vehicle the strange, powerful horseman had swept by, and as he did so by an easy graceful motion dropped a hook, attached to one end of the rope into the wheel of the vehicle, the other end being fastened to his saddle.

"Oh, help!" cried the mayor, as his light vehicle was pulled completely over.

The frightened horses attached to it ran clattering away, dragging the capsized buggy over the stony street at a rate of speed that was furious. The mayor was dragged for half a block and left insensible in the gutter. In the meanwhile the dark horseman had not for a moment slackened his speed. The hook had slipped off the wheel, and was gathered into a loop over the horn of his saddle. Half a dozen armed police met him in the street.

"Halt—halt, or we will fire!" they shouted, extending their line across the street. But the somber rider paid no heed. Pistols were leveled and shot after shot fired at him, but he held a charmed life and rode steadily on. One police-

man grasped at the horse's bits, but the rope containing the hook swung down upon his head, and the horse sped on. Down the street he flew, past the court-house, and suddenly he hurled what looked like a hand-grenade in under the low portals, almost against the very pillar where Martha McKee had been flung twenty years before. A terrific explosion, one that seemed to shake the very earth, followed, and the building lay in ruins.

CHAPTER II.—Some Strange Events.

We must ask the reader to go back with us a few months prior to the incidents in our last chapter. The scene is at the State Prison. The warden is in his office busy at his desk with books and papers.

"Where is No. 321?" he asked of a gatekeeper. "He is at work in the shop to-day."

"Tell him that he must wash and attire himself in the suit of clothes that are to be furnished him, and come here."

The guard gave a look of astonishment at the warden, and said:

"Is anything to happen to No. 321?"

"His term of service is up. Twenty years!"

The guard gave utterance to a whistle, and as he went away, said:

"Well, I don't believe he will care for it. He don't seem to want to do anything but develop his strength and activity. He is to-day the strongest and most active man on earth. I don't understand No. 321."

He had not been gone long in the yards, ere he returned with a tall, powerful man, whose sinewy muscles and giant frame had defied prison fare and confinement. He was rather a sullen-looking man, with close-cut hair and smoothly-shaven face. He was a quiet man. Long years of prison discipline had made him quiet, but never had it quelled the fire in those bright blue eyes. For twenty years it burned, and burned in his heart, ever since the day he had seen his wife rudely flung against the stone pillar and marked her life blood, crimsoning the marble steps in front of the courthouse, until his stare had become a cold glitter.

"Your time is up—you are henceforth a free man. There is your discharge and pardon."

No word of thanks came from the convict. He did not smile, neither did he sigh; but picking up the papers, looked at them curiously, and then put them in his pocket. Washed, cleaned and dressed in a neat citizen's garb, he quitted the hateful place which had so long been his home, and wandered out into the streets, and down to the depot. But the newly discharged convict had little interest in people or things. He bought a ticket to a far-off town with a little of the money that had been left him and took the first train. Some curious eyes were fixed on him, and everybody seemed to know that he was a discharged convict. He sat in a corner to himself, and seemed to shun all the rest of the world. At a small station a hundred miles from the State's prison, he quitted the train, and wandered away among the lower hills and mountains, where there were old, worn-out mines. The ex-convict seemed to know just where

he was going. At last, deep in a gulch, he came upon a shanty that had evidently been erected there a score of years before. An old woman was sitting in the genial glow of the setting sun.

"Is this Mrs. Flack?" asked the man called 321.

"Yes. Who be you?"

"I am 321—Black Gilbert. Did you never hear of me?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the unfortunate old creature began to sob. "You are the man who was so kind to my poor dear boy when he died."

"I was with John Flack until the last, and he gave me this ring and letter for you."

The letter was very brief. It was simply:

"Mother.—Let No. 321 know where it is buried, and give him my half.—John."

The writing was in a scrawling hand, but the old woman recognized it as her son's, and said:

"All right, mister. If John said so ye kin hev it—if it's all."

"Only half, Mother Flack."

"It'll make ye awful rich."

"I don't want to be rich. I want to purchase nothing save a swift horse and some engines of destruction."

"Come in and stay all night. I'll show ye to-morrer," said the old woman. "I want to talk with ye about John. Ye must tell me all he said while he wuz sick."

The ex-convict entered the low, mean cottage, and after a supper which, frugal as it was, was far superior to his rough prison fare, he told the old woman about her son who had died six months ago in a prison cell, with 321 as his only companion. Next day, as she conducted the ex-convict to the spot where the treasure was buried, she said:

"John didn't take it. He had nuthin' to do with it, but it wuz buried, and he knew where it wuz. Some of the people had a grudge agin John, and sent him to the penitentiary as he wouldn't tell."

They came to a bluff, and she showed him a heavy stone, which she told him to remove. He did so, and found some earth beneath it. Then, with a spade, he dug a hole about three feet into the ground, and unearthed a large iron chest, which it required all his strength to lift from its place. When it had been raised he placed it in a wheelbarrow and took it to the house, where it was opened. Two hundred thousand dollars in gold-dust, nuggets and coin was in the box. He took half and left half for the old woman, and the next day set out on his wandering. Where he went and how he gathered the information he desired, we will not stop to burden the reader. It was by accident he found his horse. Way down in the lower parts of old Mexico he heard of a horse whose fame for speed and endurance was known all over Mexico. He set out to find the horse. The owner did not want to part with him; he was a Mexican who loved the horse far more dearly than his own soul.

"Well, what will you take for him?" asked the ex-convict.

Thinking to bluff the stranger, he said:

"Ten thousand dollars."

To his astonishment the American began counting out his money. The Mexican protested and

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wanted to pull back, but the stranger was firm and determined, and paying him his money, took the horse. For his business he could not have found a better. He disappeared from the country on that powerful black steed, and for a time was buried in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. Next he was seen in a western city purchasing the very latest improved weapons, and a large quantity of dynamite, which he said was for mining purposes. But had the purchaser known that he was in his mountain forge molding hand-grenades of iron ore he might have known that he meant something else besides mining. Powder, lead, and shot were procured in abundance, as well as several suits of disguises.

Again the stranger disappeared. Now, beware, he is ready to strike his blow, and it will fall with fearful effect. While training his horse for his desperate work he was in a secluded mountain wild. All old worked-out mines were bought out, and every cavern and hiding-place within fifty miles of Plummerdale was well known to the man called No. 321. He visited the city in various disguises, especially as an old man, and familiarized himself with the streets, alleys, and every part of it. One day, as he was walking wearily along the road leaving the city in the disguise of an old man bowed down by the weight of years, he came upon a man sitting at the roadside.

"Ah, my good friend," said the man, whose face bore the marks of dissipation, "sit down and rest."

"Do you live in the city?" asked 321.

"Yes, I have for a great many years. Used to be on the police force."

"Ah! were you? How long since?"

"It is twenty-five years since I began, and I served fifteen years."

"You have seen some tough characters, then?"

"Yes, when Judge Mingles was on the bench he trotted 'em through unless they had the stamps to buy him off. I remember one poor fellow—ha, ha!—his name was Gilbert McKee—sent twenty years to penitentiary for embezzlement, and we knew all the time it was Judge Mingles' son George and another fellow did it, but we didn't let on. I was one who helped draw him from the court-room, and very near got myself into trouble about it."

"How?"

"You see, the judge offered us five hundred dollars if we got him safe in the Black Maria, and away before the crowd got roused and rescued him. Well, we were dragging him away, and his wife kept clinging to us and begging for him, until I threw her so hard against a stone pillar, which her temple struck, and killed her. The crowd would have mobbed me—"

"Isn't that a well over there?"

"Yes."

"Let us go there and get a drink."

The ex-policeman, whose hair had been whitened more by dissipation than age, followed him to the well. Suddenly the stranger seized him by the throat, and hissed in his ear:

"I am the man whose wife you murdered. Now die!"

Before the unfortunate wretch could utter a word, the fingers closed with a grip of steel around his throat, and in a few moments the

man had ceased to struggle. Lifting him as if he had been a child, he dropped the ex-policeman in the well, and hurried away.

"One of them has paid the penalty, but the work has not yet begun," he said, hurrying away to the mountain wilds.

The mountains and forests came almost to the edge of Plummerdale. It was but a leap from the heart of the city to the heart of the wilderness. A strange, black-whiskered man was frequently seen in the wood, who by some means became known as Black Gilbert, but who or what he was no one knew. We now bring the reader down to the night on which that singular being called Black Gilbert made his assault upon the city, as related in the last chapter. The explosion which shattered the court-house seemed to shake the entire city. Many people, it is said, were thrown from their feet, the great columns of massive stone that would have withstood the ravages of time were crumbled and broken beneath the terrific explosion. Harry Pohlman had gone to the relief of the mayor, who was badly injured. The young man was known by all to be brave as a lion, and the chief of police at once decided that he was the best person to draft into immediate service to aid in the capture or death of the strange horseman called Gilbert.

"Come, I want your help at once," he said.

"I have no horse."

"Here is one—Clayhawk, the swiftest-footed animal in Plummerdale."

A donkey boy, who had galloped up with the horse fresh from the stable, sprang from the saddle, and Harry was in a moment astride the racer.

"I have no arms!" he cried.

The pistol of the fallen policeman was thrust into his hand, and away he galloped like the wind after the terrible offender. After the destruction of the granite court-house, Black Gilbert, as if satisfied with his night's work, started for the bridge which spanned the stream between the city and the forest. Harry was close after him.

"Halt! Halt!" he cried, and as the horseman rode on he fired again and again at him. Both were riding like mad toward the bridge, and came together at the middle span with the fury of thunderbolts.

Harry grappled with the stranger, but both horses broke through the rail at the side of the bridge, and with cries of horror plunged down to the fearful depths below.

CHAPTER III.—Black Gilbert, the Avenger.

Down, down, down to the dizzy depths, with a giant hand clutching at his throat, fell Harry Pohlman. The brave youth had no opportunity to resist. With a tremendous splash they struck the water. Harry's horse, the noble Clayhawk, was underneath, and sank to rise no more. But Black Gilbert's wonderful horse, as well as the wonderful rider, were unharmed. Harry was insensible, but the strange avenger clung to him. When Harry Pohlman regained his consciousness, he found himself upon a black steed, in the arms of a dark man, speeding down a dark road.

"Well, are you all right?" his captor asked.

"I don't know," was the answer. "Who are you?"

"That is a mystery I can't explain," said the dark horseman. "But tell me, what is your name, anyway?"

"Harry Pohlman."

"No, it is not! You have told me falsely."

The great horse halted with towering head, panting breath, and quivering flank. The long run and fall had almost overcome him. Harry was allowed to dismount, and for a few moments stared through the darkness at his captor.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Don't you think I know my own name?"

"I doubt it. You have not told me your right name, although you may believe you have. You are possibly not rightly informed yourself."

Harry was still dizzy from the ride, and a little dazed and stunned from the fall. He staggered a step or two and sank down upon the ground by the side of his captor. Harry Pohlman was a brave lad. He was not inclined to be in the least superstitious, yet there was something so terrible and awe-inspiring in this stranger that he shuddered as he gazed upon him, and buried his face in his hands.

"You don't like me?" said the giant horseman.

"How can I like one so cruel?"

"Cruel? Ha, ha, ha! Look over there—you can see it through the mountain tops."

Harry looked in the direction indicated by the hand of the strange man, and saw all the eastern portion of the sky lit up with a fiery glow.

"Do you know what it is?" his captor asked.

"Plummerdale is burning."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! that is it. That is true. Plummerdale is in flames. Young man, do you know that I have sworn to dance on the ashes of that town?"

The youth shuddered and bowed his face in his hands. It was so terrible to hear that man speak that the youth had a supernatural dread of him.

"Why didn't you kill me?" he asked at last.

"Yes, why didn't I?" repeated the captor, and his eyes in the light of the burning city shone with the gleam of a maniac. "Why didn't I? I did not spare others, but I spared you! I will tell you more; I don't intend to harm a hair of your head, but woe be unto Plummerdale and its inhabitants. The city shall be nothing but a heap of stones and ashes, and the bodies of its inhabitants shall be buried beneath its ruins. You shall be unharmed, but not one of the others escape!"

"No, sir, no, no, don't be so cruel. There are helpless women and children—" began Harry.

"Ay, women and children—helpless women and children," repeated the strange, wild-looking man. "Did they think of innocent, helpless women and children? Was not the steps of the court-house stained with innocent blood? No, I will spare not even the helpless women and children!"

"There is one whom you must spare," cried the youth. "Take my life, fiend, if you want it, but spare, oh, spare Lily Thompson."

Before the man could make any answer, the shout of distant voices could be heard far down the forest, and the strange avenger said:

"Come, we must be going," and taking Harry Pohlman in his arms, as if he had been an infant,

swung him upon the saddle, and leaped on behind him. The powerful black horse bounded away at a gallop and sped far across hill and dale until they were buried in the heart of what seemed an almost impenetrable forest. During that terrible ride, Harry Pohlman had not uttered a word. He seemed under some strange, awful spell, and unable to speak. Again the horseman placed him on the ground as if he had been a child, and sprang to his side.

"Do you live near here?" Harry asked.

Pointing to the great forest all about them, the horseman answered:

"All about me, here is my home. This thick, friendly wood which screens me from my slayers is where I live."

He removed the saddle from the back of his wonderful horse, and taking the bit from his mouth allowed it to graze at will. The saddle and blanket he spread upon the earth to serve the purpose of bed and pillow. From one of the packets of the saddle he produced some food which he offered to share with his captive, but Harry refused to eat.

"What, won't you eat?" he cried.

"No."

"Why?"

"I am not hungry."

Day was beginning to dawn, and Harry's strange captor said:

"See, the sun will soon be up, and we must sleep. I do my work at night while others sleep, and sleep while others work."

He ate heartily, almost ravenously, of the plain, coarse food. By the increasing light Harry Pohlman studied the features of the strange man, and he was sure he had never gazed on such a wonderful physiognomy. The face was handsome, the frame powerful, but the eyes glowed with vengeance. A short, black beard covered the lower half of the face, and the hair was long and black, streaked with gray.

"Who are you?" Harry asked.

"Black Gilbert, the Avenger," was the answer.

"I never heard of you before."

"Nor have many others," he answered, "but everybody will hear of me soon. Ha, ha, ha!" and again his loud, maniacal laugh rang throughout the wood. "In a few months from now the name of Black Gilbert will be known to the uttermost ends of the earth. All America will tremble at it. Europe will wonder at it, from the polar regions to the tropical suns it will be spoken with dread, and the furthermost islands of the sea shall ring with the fame of a man who lives but for vengeance!"

"But you have certainly just commenced your career," said the youth.

"Yes—I struck my first blow to-night. Ha, ha, ha! But it is only a beginning."

Harry had been disarmed by his captor. Had he been the prisoner of any ordinary man he would have taken some desperate chance to have struck him dead while he was eating, but there was some strange power that held him—he knew not what it was—from making the attack. Once he had his back toward Harry, and the butts of his pistols were temptingly near the lad's hand, but he did not try to draw and slay him. He could not have said whether it was fear or some

other powerful feeling which prevented him. Ordinarily Harry was brave as a lion. It was his known courage and agility that had caused the mayor of the city to select him as the only person who could ride down that wonderful Nemesis who had suddenly appeared among them. But Harry actually pitied the Nemesis. He regarded him as a man insane, laboring under some real or fancied wrong. Black Gilbert's voice when talking to him was gentle, almost as a woman's.

"How old are you?" the avenger asked, fixing his eyes upon the youth.

"Twenty-one," was the answer.

"Just the right age."

"What do you mean?"

"Are your parents living?"

"No."

"What were their names?"

"Pohlman, I suppose."

"Are you sure?"

"No," and a cloud swept over the young man's face. "The man who raised me is named Pohlman, and I have a long time supposed he was my father; then thought him my uncle."

"Perhaps he was neither. Do you know Judge Mingles?"

"Yes; he is Harry Mingles's father."

"Do you know Joel Myers?"

"I do. He is the old ex-police commissioner."

"Both of them still alive?"

"Yes."

"And Henry S. Lowe; is he still alive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good; I think my prayers have been answered. I have been praying for twenty years that those men might be spared to feel the vengeance of my arm."

Harry Pohlman was completely mystified at the manner of the strange Nemesis. He seemed as familiar with Plummerdale as if he had been a citizen of the city. Day had dawned, and the sun was creeping up between two mountain peaks, from between which the smoking ruins of the smitten city could be seen. Harry Pohlman, who had now fully regained his faculties, began to consider what he should do. That Black Gilbert had no immediate desire to harm him he was assured, but what did he intend doing with him? Determined to know the very worst, the youth said:

"What do you intend doing with me?"

The Nemesis of Plummerdale fixed his great sad eyes on the young face a moment with an expression of tenderness, and answered:

"I don't hardly know. You are a new feature in my plans. I can't harm you. I must not, for you may be the one above all others whom I would not touch; and yet I have sworn that Plummerdale shall fall. Yes, not one stone shall be left upon another, and no living being shall be left to call it home. The place has come under the blighting, withering hate of Black Gilbert."

Harry discovered that he had some powerful influence over this terrible man, and determined to exercise it to the utmost.

"I have very dear personal friends there," he said, "men and women to whom I owe my life; men and women who befriended me in helpless infancy and who have always been the truest of friends. I don't want them to fall in the ruins."

"Then advise them to fly."

"Am I at liberty to return to Plummerdale?"

The Nemesis looked puzzled. What answer should he make to this? Could he carry out his plans and keep the young man a prisoner? Certainly not. He dared not slay him; then he must release his captive. But first he would question him in regard to his friends.

"Is Charles Mingles one of your friends?" he asked.

"No, sir; he is a son of Judge Mingles, is a worthless young fellow who has been robbing his father and employer."

"Beware of him, then; he may lay it to you."

The eyes gleamed, the teeth grated an ill-suppressed rage, and the whole face was distorted with passion. Harry was astounded at the words and manner of Black Gilbert, for he had spoken the very fears he himself had entertained.

"I will."

"Is Mingles, Myers, Lowe, or Burns either, your special friends?"

"No."

"If I will let you go, will you go to your friends, warn them, and leave the city?"

"Yes," after a moment's hesitation.

"Will you tell nothing about Black Gilbert, the Avenger?"

"No."

"Then go."

"At once?"

"Yes. Good-by. I may see you again. If we should ever meet, be it in peace or conflict, remember I will never harm you, and never under any circumstances do you raise your hand against me—no more than you would against a parent."

With this advice Black Gilbert sprang to his feet, whistled to his steed, which was feeding near, and the faithful animal trotted up to him. Quickly placing the saddle on his horse, the bit in his mouth, Black Gilbert said to his prisoner:

"Mount; I will lead the way on foot."

Harry, who was lost in wonder at every step he took with this remarkable man, sprang into the saddle. At one moment a wild desire to fly away on the back of that wonderful horse possessed him, but he reasoned that the attempt would not only be hazardous, but foolish. The Nemesis was heavily armed, a dead shot, and could bring him down before he could escape, even if he could force the horse to leave his master. Besides, he had given him his liberty. Harry decided to obey Black Gilbert to the letter, and rode the horse until they came within sight of the city, when the Nemesis called a halt, and said he could go no further.

Harry dismounted, bade his strange captor adieu, and hurried on to Plummerdale. The city had in part recovered from the shock of the midnight attack. Four dwellings had been destroyed by fire, and the courthouse was in ruins from the explosion of the dynamite bomb. Harry was greeted as one returned from the dead, but we cannot say that all welcomed his return. Charley Mingles and Rhody Boyd had been congratulating themselves on being rid of a troublesome witness, when he again turned up. His wild, strange story of Black Gilbert filled every one with dread of the monster.

"Well, Rhody," said Charles Mingles, when he

and Rhody Boyd were alone after seeing Harry Pohlman, "he's back, and will be ready to squeal on us should an opportunity come. We must saddle the deficit on him."

"Yes, but I'm afraid of that fellow Black Gilbert—"

"Bah! He will never turn up again," said Mingles. "He won't dare come near Plummerdale after what he has done."

"He may come when we least expect it."

Rhody Body was correct. He did come when least expected.

CHAPTER IV.—Blowing Up a Bridge.

A few weeks passed without another visit from Black Gilbert, and the dread which every one had felt began to wear away. People congratulated themselves that they were rid of him forever, and plots and schemes for swindling and defrauding went on. Charley Mingles and Rhody Boyd were in great distress. The money which they had abstracted must soon be discovered. It would be impossible to keep the secret much longer, and they had set their plans to fix the guilt upon Harry Pohlman. The young fellow knew their guilt, and threatened hourly to expose them. He had only been by the most earnest promises of reformation and restitution restrained from doing so. One evening the two guilty young clerks were walking in a wooded road a short distance from the suburbs of the city, whither they had strolled to talk over their plans, without danger of being disturbed.

"Here, Rhody, let's sit down on this log," said Charley Mingles, going to a log that lay against a hedge row. In a moment both were seated, and Charley continued: "It must be done to-morrow. Now, Rhody, if you will swear that you saw him take the money from the safe, and charge the account to us—we are safe."

"I will swear it," said Rhody, after a moment's hesitation. "But we must not forget that Harry Pohlman is no ordinary fellow. He is shrewd as lightning."

"I know it; but we will be believed, and he will not."

While they were still discussing their nefarious plot a dark-headed, powerful man rose from the earth behind them and glared at them over the neatly-trimmed hedge. His eyes glittered. Had they seen this apparition of vengeance the young plotters would no doubt have fled for their lives; but he rose and fell as silently as the shades of night come.

"We will act at once," said Boyd.

"It must be done to-morrow."

"It shall!"

The concealed man could scarcely restrain a chuckle. Little did they dream what would transpire during the silent watches of the night. Suddenly on the evening air there came a distant clatter of carriage wheels mingled with hoofs, and a moment later a young lady driving an open chaise appeared. She was alone in the vehicle, and her horse, spirited though gentle, was taking her to the city at a sweeping trot.

"Lily Thompson," whispered Rhody Boyd to

his companion the moment the fair driver came in sight.

"By Jove! now is my time to get ahead of Harry Pohlman there," said Mingles, rising to his feet. "I will stop her."

He ran out into the road just as the one-horse chaise came opposite him, and cried:

"Miss Thompson—Lily—I want to speak with you."

The girl cast a frightened glance at him, and recognizing an old suitor whom she had good cause to dread, struck her horse and gave utterance to a scream. But she was too late. He snatched the lines from her hands and cried:

"Hold on, Lily, you shall listen to me."

Lily Thompson was the daughter of a Plummerdale merchant, the belle of the city, and as spirited as she was pretty. She struck him over the head and shoulders with her whip, all the while screaming:

"Help—help—help!"

"No, no, my wicked little beauty, you don't escape me so easy as you think," cried Charles Mingles, who paid no heed to the storm of blows, and snatched the whip from her hand. "I will now accompany you on your ride, my dear."

"Help, help, oh, help! Is there no gentleman here to protect me from this ruffian?"

"None," he answered.

He had placed his left foot on the carriage-step, and was in the act of springing in to force his company on her, when like a meteor from around a bend in the road came a young man mounted on a cream-colored horse. It was Harry Pohlman, and flinging himself from the saddle, he struck one savage blow, which sent Charley Mingles staggering to the roadside.

"Are you harmed, Miss Thompson? Did the villain touch you?" he asked.

"No, no. I was terribly frightened, though."

In his anxiety about the young lady he had rescued, Harry had not noticed that Charley Mingles's chum and companion in all the crimes he was engaged, was present. Charley was stunned by the blow for a few moments, but he recovered quickly, and joined by Rhody Boyd, both threw themselves on Harry as he was in the act of again mounting his horse to escort Miss Thompson home. He was jerked backward into the road, struck one or two blows, and kicked before he was able to see who had made the sudden attack.

"Oh, help, help, help!" screamed the frightened girl, who now saw her gallant preserver go down beneath his enemies.

Another personage at this moment appeared on the scene. A tall, powerful man fully six feet in height, leaped the hedge and slung the two assailants right and left as if they had been so many children. Next instant out came a pair of revolvers, and each of them was covered. Harry Pohlman looked up and discovered in his rescuer Black Gilbert. He glanced at the two terrified, dumfounded assailants a moment, and said to the youth whom he had rescued:

"Rise and accompany her home. I will attend to this pair of precious rogues."

Harry Pohlman vaulted in the saddle, and was soon speeding along the road by the side of the chaise.

"Who, who is he?" she asked, when they were out of sight of their strange rescuer.

"I do not know," he answered.

Alas, they were all soon to find out. Black Gilbert remained as motionless as a statue, covering the two cowering wretches with his revolvers until the chaise was out of sight, and then returning his pistols to his belt, he seized them by the neck and dragging them to the hedge, lifted them one at a time, plunging them into the thorny row headfirst, left them to extricate themselves as best they could, while he disappeared. An hour later two fearfully lacerated, humiliated young men made their way to their homes in the city, vowing vengeance against Pohlman and his unknown rescuer. It is midnight, and silence is again brooding like a gentle spirit over the dark city. Only the tread of the watchman or a belated reveler can be heard on the streets of Plummerdale. Then in the far suburbs comes the trampling of iron hoofs upon the stony street. A dark powerful rider enters from the west, and gallops up the street past the court-house which is but a heap of crumbling ruins.

"Ha, ha, ha! I did my work well in that case," and the Nemesis, for it was he, chuckled. He rode past the blackened ruins of a warehouse on which his vengeance had fallen.

It seemed that Black Gilbert was determined to strike at the business industries of the city, and he made his way directly to a large factory. Here he halted but a moment and galloped on. A few seconds later the crackling of flames could be heard, and the midnight sky was illumined with a lurid glare.

"Fire, fire, fire!" the shout rang out on the night, and many a heart was chilled with dread.

The city seemed doomed, for as soon as the engines dashed up to one conflagration, the dread flames broke out in another. No less than six distinct fires were raging in Plummerdale at one time.

"It's Black Gilbert, it's Black Gilbert," was whispered from the pale lips of the trembling, frightened citizens. Mounted police were sent to find him, but he hurried thither and thither with such marvelous rapidity that they were unable to catch him. Volley after volley of pistol shots are fired after him, but he seems to shed bullets, as a roof does rain. Not a shot has he yet returned. His mad flight takes him to the town hall. As he is flying past it, he hurls something in directly under the great stone portcullis. A tremendous explosion follows. Pillars, arch and columns are tossed and flung about like feathers. Foundation, done and strucure are but a heap of broken stone and shattered debris.

"Black Gilbert! Black Gilbert!" is whispered from lip to lip.

"There he goes!" shouted the chief of police, pointing to a powerful man, mounted on a black horse, flying down a cross street. Some of the police, armed with carbines, let drive at him, but without avail.

"Head him off! Stop him!" roared the police captain.

There were brave men in Plummerdale—men who would have given their lives at any moment to have been rid of the avenger, but he was too quick for them. Roland, a mounted policeman,

saw him riding down the street toward the western part of the city, and started across some vacant lots to head him off. Roland was a powerful man, as brave as a lion, and rode a strong, swift horse. When he was seen to start across the lot, there went up a shout from the throng who were watching the flight of Black Gilbert.

"We'll have him now! We'll have him now!" yelled a hundred voices.

"Hurrah for Roland!"

But, alas! all their cheering was to no purpose. Roland was on the open lot below the paved street, along which Black Gilbert was riding, when the latter suddenly drew a pistol and blazed away in a careless, off-hand manner. Down went Roland's steed, and the rider pitched over his head. A yell of disappointment rose on the air.

"Where is Harry Pohlman?" cried the mayor. "He is the only one who can run down Black Gilbert."

"He won't do it," said a voice at his side.

The mayor turned to see who the speaker was, and could not at first make out that bruised, scratched, lacerated human being before him to be Charles Mingles.

"Why, Charles, who did that?" he asked.

"The man on that horse," was the answer.

"Why will not Harry Pohlman capture or kill him? He is brave, daring, as active as a cat, and we believe the only person who is capable of making a capture of the rascal."

"Harry don't want to."

"Why?"

"They are friends."

"Oh, nonsense! You are mistaken!"

"I know what I am talking about, and I don't hesitate to say they are friends."

"I can't believe it."

"Then ask Rhody Boyd," answered Charley Mingles indignantly. "He knows."

But the mayor had too much to engage his attention at that moment to give the subject more than a second's thought. Firemen, hook-and-ladder men, policemen, and all were busy. The conflagrations were in parts of the town most liable to spread. People were panicstricken, hundreds being run over and trampled to death; the police were pressing the fugitive with a determination of running him down even if they had to chase him into the mountains; the powerful black horse kept his distance with the greatest ease, and the rider, who was cool and deliberate in all his movements, appeared never in a hurry. Yet all his movements were rapid. Suddenly a man starts up from the street corner and levels a gun at the breast of Black Gilbert. He is directly in front of the Nemesis, and it would seem as if nothing could save his life. But the gun missed fire, and the next moment the would-be slayer is struck down and run over by Black Gilbert's horse. But now the great bridge which spans the stream is in sight, and that wonderful horse speeds with the fury of a whirlwind across. On the opposite side the fugitive draws rein, dismounts and places a can under the apron of the bridge. There is a silken cord attached to the can, by which some machinery is worked within, and Black Gilbert unwinding the cord, retires a hundred yards up the hill among the bushes and rocks, where he halts, holding the silken cord in his hand. On

come his pursuers in a solid body, and crowd the bridge. The foremost has almost reached the opposite side, when the Nemesis, with a maniacal yell, jerks the string. A tremendous explosion is the result. Horses and riders are flung far and near, mangled and dying among the trees and rocks. The timbers part, and, the bridge with its load of human freight, plunges into the torrent below.

CHAPTER V.—The Cavern.

Without halting for a single moment to gaze upon his work, Black Gilbert turned, mounted his horse, and galloped away. It was impossible for the inhabitants to pursue him further, as the bridge crossing the mountain torrent had been blown away.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Fools, fools, all fools!" he cried as he wheeled his horse about on the top of a tall cliff, which was brought into bold relief by the distant burning city.

Thousands saw him, but we doubt, even if there had been some other means of crossing the stream, if they would have followed him. Whether his voice was heard or not we cannot say; the chances are it was not; but his defiant gestures as he pointed toward the distant mountains was fully understood. He was daring them to follow, and shaking his fist in defiance, he wheeled his horse about and disappeared. The people of Plummerville were busy rescuing as many as they could from the river. Some were saved, but many more drowned, and no further attempt was made that night to pursue the Nemesis.

"Something must be done with that monster at once," said the mayor of the city, next morning, as he sat in his office, among them Judge Mingles and his grandson, Charles.

"I tell you, mayor, we must send an armed force into the mountains to hunt him. We cannot afford to allow another day to pass without making an effort to capture that demon," said one.

"Who'll we send?" asked Mr. Lowe.

"A party of mountaineers under Sheriff Barclay."

"No; send 'em under Harry Pohlman."

"What—Harry Pohlman? Why, he is a friend of Black Gilbert, the avenger!" cried Charley Mingles, whose face looked like pink-striped calico.

"How do you know?" asked the mayor.

"Didn't Rhody Boyd and I see 'em together yesterday afternoon?"

"Who—Harry and the Nemesis, Black Gilbert?"

"Yes, Harry and Black Gilbert."

"Then if you knew it was that arch-fiend, why didn't you inform us that he was near the city, so we could have the officers after him?"

"We did not know it was Black Gilbert until we saw him last night. Then if you want proof of their friendship, what can be better than the fact that when the Nemesis had him in his power he allowed him to go away unharmed? Has he ever spared any other person?"

Judge Mingles and the mayor then held a whispered conversation in regard to the mystery. At last the judge said:

"I remember his oath when he was sent away to prison—that not one stone of Plummerville should be left upon another, and if it should prove that this is he, and the young fellow be whom we suspect, they might discover their relations to each other."

"Let us try him."

"How?"

"I will summon Harry here, and order him to take charge of a party of hunters in the search."

"Very good," said Judge Mingles, "and I will go with the party. We will see; we will see."

Harry Pohlman, who had taken no part in chasing the Nemesis the night before, was at once summoned to the presence of the mayor and council.

"Well, Mr. Pohlman, we are organizing a party of brave men to go into the mountains to hunt this desperado, and they want a leader."

"Mark him turn pale," whispered Charley Mingles to the man who was nearest him. Harry did turn pale. He remembered his promise to Black Gilbert, and stammered:

"Well—well—but I am here on parole. I was his prisoner, and he paroled me."

"You don't pretend to say that you made a contract with an outlaw?" cried Judge Mingles.

"No, sir. I was his prisoner, and when he gave me my life, I said I would not go after him again."

"A rumor is abroad, sir, that you met Black Gilbert only yesterday," said the mayor. "Are you his friend? We want to know just where to place you?"

Harry Pohlman now caught sight of Charles Mingles behind the judge, and knew from whom they had gained their information. He then made a clean breast of it all, and told how he had rescued Miss Thompson from the miscreant Mingles, and when he was attacked by both him and Boyd, that a dark-whiskered man, whom he recognized as Black Gilbert, came to his rescue.

"Then you must be his friend," said the mayor.

"No, sir, and to prove I am not, make up the party daring enough to follow the lion to his den, and I will lead them."

"Regardless of your promise?" asked the judge.

"Judge Mingles, you are too good a lawyer not to know that a promise made under duress is void. No compact made with an outlaw is binding. Yes, I will lead them."

With this challenge he left the mayor's office and went direct to Mr. Thompson's house. Lily met him in the parlor, and he told her his determination to head the party to go after Black Gilbert.

"I am sorry you are going, Harry," she said.

"Why?"

"Because that man certainly saved your life."

"He did, but such a monster cannot be permitted to live. Think how many innocent people he has slain, and what he yet may do."

"I know it," she answered, with a sigh, "and yet I cannot but feel that he has been driven to it by some great wrong. I pity him."

So did Harry, but he did not care to admit it to any one. The Nemesis of Plummerville had a strange, unnatural influence over Harry Pohlman, and despite his cool barbarity he could not but like him.

Next day, at the head of thirty picked men, he crossed the new bridge that had been erected across the chasm, and started off through the mountain pass on the trail of the Nemesis. Charley Mingles and Rhody Boyd both watched the cavalcade. So did Lily Thompson, but with far different feelings. Tears stole down her cheeks as she realized the dangers they were about to encounter; while they were secretly hoping that the young bookkeeper who was the only living witness to the theft and forgery might never return. The first day the little band of heroes entered the mountains, and camped in a narrow valley. They were brave men, and yet there was something so mysterious, strange and weird about the Nemesis that they held him in a sort of awe. It was night, and they were sitting about their camp at the foot of the mountain, when a wild, hollow laugh went up on the air. Every man was on his feet in a moment, their eyes turned to the bluff above them, where almost, if not quite out of rifle range, was Black Gilbert, his long black hair and beard making him hideous in the starlight.

"Ha, ha, ha! Fools! fools—all fools! Do you expect to catch the Avenger? Beware of him, or yer bones shall bleach in the wilderness."

Half a dozen rifles were raised, but the man of mystery disappeared over the bluff just as their bullets whistled harmlessly through the air. Harry's blood was up. He had come to hunt down the avenger, and he shouted to his followers:

"Come on if you are not cowards! Follow me up that cliff!"

He sprang up the rugged, rocky wall with the agility of a practiced mountaineer. Nothing daunted, his men followed him. But when they had gained the plateau not a sign of that remarkable being, the Nemesis, was to be seen.

"Where did he go?" asked a dozen in a breath.

"Melted into air," some one whispered.

"Sunk through the stones into the earth."

"More likely he has crept into some hole," said Harry, who was not burdened with superstitious feelings. "Come on; we will follow him."

Harry reasoned that there was but one way he could have escaped, and that was around a narrow, rocky ledge where the pursuers were forced to follow in single file. But once around it, they came to a broad, flat tableland which terminated at an angle in the bluff. Here a wonderful discovery awaited them.

"A cave! a cave! He's in there!" cried one of the pursuers, pulling aside some veil moss which covered the mouth of a grotto.

"Of course; he could have escaped no other way," said Harry Pohlman.

"Look out, boys! He might have dynamite enough to blow up a whole mountain chain," cried one of the more cautious of the pursuers, as they began to enter the dungeon.

"He will go down with us, then," answered Harry Pohlman, determined to capture the outlaw or perish in the attempt.

There are but few willing to give their lives even to rid the world of a miscreant. The men hesitated. Harry, disgusted at their lack of courage, said:

"Are you going to back out now that the man

we have come for is found? Will you go back home and say you found the wolf, but were too cowardly to drag him from his den?"

He plunged into the cavern, and his companions, stung by the rebuke, followed. It was a large grotto, but dark as Egypt, until two or three torches had been lighted. Then they found themselves in a spacious chamber hanging with stalactites. Not twenty feet away, on a large block of stone, holding a dynamite bomb in his hand, was Black Gilbert.

"Hold!" he cried in tones which rang like a powerful trumpet. "I have in my hand that which will blow the cave to atoms. You have run me to bay, and now we will all die together."

With this awful threat he raised the fatal bomb to hurl among them.

"Don't!" screamed the voice of Judge Mingles.

"Well, you old coward, what do you want?" asked the stern voice of Black Gilbert.

"If you explode that bomb you will kill Harry, and you know what he is," said the Judge.

"Go, all of you, but do not dare to fire a shot. The place is full of dynamite."

The cowardly party filed out onto the plateau. The whole affair appeared as a deep mystery to Harry as they went back to the camp.

The next morning he learned he was deposed as leader of the vigilants. Harry took a walk out of town and on the bank of the river was accosted by an old trapper who gave the name of Rocky Mountain Joe, and said he came from Black Gilbert. He told Harry Black Gilbert wanted him to meet him around the spur east of the mountain and Black Gilbert would tell him about a plot against Harry and Miss Thompson. He was to look off to the north when he got around the spur and he would see a beacon fire. He was to approach it and Black Gilbert would meet him.

That night Harry passed the mountain spur and saw the beacon light gleaming and wildly started for it.

CHAPTER VI.—A Stranger in Plummerdale.

Harry Pohlman had assured himself that he was not being followed by any one. The beacon light grew brighter and brighter as he advanced. When he was within a hundred paces of it he saw that it was composed of pine knots, piled on the outer edge of a flat rock which projected over the bluff, from a tableland. He climbed to the spot where the fire was and saw it glowing brightly, yet not a human being was near it. Had he not known that human hands built that fire, he would not have thought that any one had been near the solitary place that night. Harry paused when but a few rods from the signal fire, and gazed about in astonishment.

"I wonder where he is?" he asked, stepping forward in the circle of light.

"Here I am, sir; what will you have?" asked a man, stepping out of the darkness into the bright light of the beacon fire. It was Black Gilbert.

"I thought you were not here," began Harry.

"Black Gilbert always keeps his word. Can you say as much?" and the powerful man fold-

ed his arms across his massive chest and gazed at Harry. The young fellow cowered beneath that glance. He felt guilty of having broken faith with the outlaw.

"I know what your excuse will be," the Nemesis continued. "You will say that you were forced to make the compact, being my prisoner at the time, and that a compact made with an outlaw should not be kept."

Harry blushed deeply, and was greatly confused, for this was the identical argument used by him.

"We will say no more about it now," added Black Gilbert, as if he suddenly desired to change the subject. "We'll shake hands, make up again, and talk business."

Harry could not repress a shudder when he grasped the terrible man's hand. They sat down before the fire, and Harry said:

"You wanted to see me, I believe?"

"You know that Charley Mingles and Rhody Boyd have been stealing money from the safe?"

Harry sprang to his feet with an expression of amazement.

"How did you learn that?" he asked.

"I know it, and that is all sufficient. Now, I want to tell you something you don't know. The theft is to be laid at your door. Rhody Boyd is to swear that you stole the money."

"Do you know that?"

"I do; it is as true as you know they took the money. I have heard their plans."

Harry looked helplessly upon the ground for a few moments, and then said:

"What am I to do?"

"You must depend on me," answered Black Gilbert.

"Would you care about befriending one who had betrayed you once, and who was even now engaged in an undertaking which had your captivity and death for the object?"

"Yes, we must be friends," said Black Gilbert. "When I escaped from the cavern in which your men found me, I resolved that I should never again be caught in such a tight place. Their spies have been back to the cavern to find me, but I was not there. They will not see me again, and in a few days go home disappointed. Now, I want to give you some advice. Go back to Plummerdale with them and say nothing about me. I will not visit the city again for some time. Watch the rascals. They will try to get you in their web, but be shrewd, and you can break through it. I want you to defeat them alone, if you can; if you cannot, I will help you."

"You? How can you help me?"

"In more ways than you imagine," answered the avenger. "I will be near you and watch over you when you do not know it. Go back now; don't trust any one except your friend, George Stuart, and Miss Thompson."

"One word more," said Harry. "You seem to know everything; can you tell me whether the plots of those villains include Miss Lily Thompson?"

"They do. You must be on your guard, and so must she. Charley Mingles is plotting to make her his wife. He is a deep, double-dyed villain. I know more of him than you do, and I can only tell you to beware. He is a spider, and he will

spin a web that will catch you, unless you accept my friendship. Now begone!"

Harry hurried back to the camp, and entered it without attracting the attention of any one, for he managed to pass the guards unseen. After two or three days' fruitless search for the Nemesis the posse gave it up and went back to the city. A week later and there being no sign of their evil genius, the people began to once more breathe easy. Business which had been almost suspended was resumed. About two weeks after the return of the party an old man came to the city. It was noon when he was first discovered crossing the bridge which had been rebuilt. He came down the Denver road, and his shoes and clothing were dust-covered, as if he had traveled a long distance.

"Hello, old grandpop, where did you come from?" asked Charley Mingles, who emerged from the saloon just in time to meet the feeble old man face to face.

"Don't be axin' questions so impudently, ye young upstart!" said the old man, leaning heavily on his stout staff.

"Oh, don't get in a huff, gran'pop."

"I'm not. You go on yer way an' I'll go mine."

"Where did you get that coat, eh?"

"Bought it. Didn't rob my bosses ter git it, nuther. How d'ye like that, eh?"

The old fellow gazed sharply at the young upstart, whose face flushed crimson, and a moment later turned deathly pale.

"Do you mean any insinuation?" asked Charles fiercely.

"Ef ther shoe fits yer wear it, and with a chuckle the old fellow went on, shaking his head in a sage way.

"Who is that old fellow?" asked Rhody Boyd, who at this moment had just emerged from the saloon to join his companion.

"He is an old crazy fellow that's just come to town. I should judge that he is some old mining speculator who has lost his wits."

"Well, Charley, we've got to make that case against Harry soon, or we'll be called to account ourselves," said Rhody. "The excitement over Gilbert's last raid has almost died away, and the firm is doing business brisk as ever. The monthly settlement deferred on account of that big scare we got cannot be put off again."

"I know it."

"When will we make the complaint?"

Making the complaint against an innocent person was a very difficult and disagreeable task. Not that they had any compunctions of conscience whatever—they were cowards and feared that the excellent set of books which Harry Pohlmeyer kept would be evidence so strong against them that they might fail to shift the crime from themselves to him. They walked down the street, past a high board wall, or fence, plotting and talking. Being in the suburbs of the city, and there being but few persons on this street, they were not guarded in their talk.

"Well, I've heard somethin'," chuckled the strange old man as he emerged from behind the high board fence where he had concealed himself, and waited until the young men had passed by. "They think they have the trap ready to spring. I'll show them it's not."

The old fellow walked feebly along the street, gradually nearing the more business part of the city. At last he stopped at a hotel and called for a room. He seemed very weary, and went at once to it. Scarce was he alone before he drew a fountain pen and some paper and wrote:

"Mr. Charles Mingles: Don't spring the trap on Harry Pohlman yet. He can produce witnesses of whom you don't dream. You will be caught if you try it."

There was no name signed to the brief letter, and when Charley Mingles received it he gazed at it for a moment in utter astonishment.

He was alone in his room. Some one rapped. Hastily folding the letter, he said:

"Come in."

The door opened and his chum, Rhody Boyd, entered. The two young villains sat down and for several minutes thought over the matter in silence. At last Charley said:

"What do you think of the letter?"

"It is a puzzle to me. Some one is onto our racket, and it is doubtful if we can play it successfully."

"But something must be done. The missing money must be accounted for. While the firm will be very lenient with us on account of our parents, they are not going to tolerate money being taken from the safe."

It was night, and the gas had been lighted in Charley Mingles's room, where he and Boyd still sat. The plans of the two had been completely frustrated by this anonymous letter. On the morrow the complaint against Harry Pohlman was to be filed, but now, would they dare do it? At that very moment the feeble old man, who was thought to be crazy, was in the hallway, just outside the room, bending on one knee with his ear at the keyhole.

"Charley," said Boyd suddenly, "things have grown desperate, and we will have to take desperate chances. Let's have him arrested to-morrow."

"And bring the whole thing upon ourselves?"

"No, arrested for conspiracy with Black Gilbert to destroy our city. I've made up my mind to swear that I saw him and Black Gilbert together, and that they were conspiring for the destruction of the city. I have the story all fixed up."

"Will it be believed?"

"Yes. Early in the morning I shall have his case attended to."

The old man rose slowly and noiseless as a shadow, glided aside to a dark closet, into which he disappeared just as the door opened and the would-be perjurer appeared.

"Good-night, Charley," said Boyd. "You can rest assured that all will be right by this time to-morrow."

"Yes, Rhody, I know it—all will be right."

Charley Mingles held a lamp for his friend to see his way to the door, and then returned to his room, closing the door. A moment later a dark shadow flitted out from the closet and followed after Rhody Boyd.

It was midnight and Charley Mingles was about to retire when he heard a ring at the door-

bell. Opening the door he was confronted by a policeman.

"Was Rhody Boyd here this evening?" asked the policeman.

"Yes."

"He is dead."

On enquiry Charley learned Mr. Boyd had been found on the street lifeless. He also learned that Mr. Burns of the firm of Lowe, Burns & Co., had been found dead on his door step, with a black mark on his neck, the only mark of violence. Later he learned that the mayor had been found dead in his bed.

A short time after he learned all this the fire-bell rang. Suddenly the cry of Fire! rang out on the night air. Then there came a frightful explosion and a stone house was sent flying in pieces, while on the air rang out the words:

"Doomed! Doomed! Doomed!"

CHAPTER VII.—Harry's Arrest.

"Who uttered those words?" demanded the chief of police, galloping up to the ruins of the building which had just been blown to atoms by the dynamite bomb.

"No one here," cried one from the crowd of terrified men and boys, who had collected on the street corner.

"It war in the air," said the old crazy fellow, who had very suddenly and mysteriously appeared in the crowd. "It war some sperit in the air."

There was not a man present positive that he had seen the dreaded Nemesis that night, yet all felt sure he was present. His invisibility made him doubly terrible to the people who had come to regard him with a degree of superstition. The fire-engines were busy, and in half an hour had almost extinguished the flames, when again the appalling cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard, and a large woolen factory was seen to be in flames.

"It's Black Gilbert's work!" cried the chief of police, galloping toward the burning building.

He had almost reached it, when a voice in trumpet tones of thunder, shouting from an upper window, reached his ears:

"Halt, you fool! Do you want to die?"

Frozen with a sudden dread, the chief of police drew rein and gazed up at the window from whence the terrible voice came. There stood Black Gilbert, his raven hair and jet-black beard waving in the night wind, and his entire form brought plainly into view by the flames of the burning building in his rear.

"This house shall burn!" roared Black Gilbert, holding a bomb in his hand. "It belongs to him—the insurance has run out. Judge Mingles will suffer a great loss, and the man who tries to quench the flames dies!"

The vast throng in the street below gazed upward, filled with dread and alarm. Each man and boy seemed rooted to the spot as if terror had suddenly transformed them into stone. It was a sublime picture. The Nemesis with his frowning face, dark as a thunderbolt outlined by a raging conflagration, was standing erect in the window high above the appalled multitude with

the destructive bomb ready to hurl among them. The spell which that man had over the great mass of humanity below was simply wonderful. At last a thin, wheezy voice was heard near. It was Judge Mingles himself. The wily old rascal thought he saw an opportunity to gratify a long-cherished revenge by the loss of his property. He spoke to the chief of police:

"Hold him there but a few minutes," he whispered, "and we'll be rid of him. The roof is almost ready to tumble in, and it will draw him down to destruction."

Every one saw the wisdom of the old man's suggestion. The flames leaped and roared about the building, and the shingles on the roof burned off and were blown by the breeze across the street. Suddenly, from the rear of the crowd, gazing upon the destruction of the woolen mill, there went up a cry:

"The fire is spreading! The fire is spreading!"

Burning pieces of shingles and boards had blown across the street, igniting another building. Every eye was turned upon the new danger. Fire-engines, which had been forbidden to play upon the woolen factory, were turned upon the new fire. When next the eyes of the multitude were turned toward the scene, Black Gilbert, the Nemesis of Plummerdale, had disappeared from the window, nor was his face seen any more that night. Fearing that he might escape, the chief of police set a hundred men to guard the building, with instructions to shoot down the Nemesis at sight. Just before the building fell in the old crazy fellow who had been seen often of late was noticed standing carelessly in the rear door as if he actually defied the flames. One of the police realizing the old man's danger bravely rushed in and dragged him out.

"What, won't yer let a feller warm hisself?" asked the old crazy man.

"You old fool, you will burn there. Now get away from here or we will club you," cried the policeman, a short, fat fellow, waving his staff in the air.

"Yes, ye look like a Jack o' clubs," chuckled the old fellow as he hurried away.

A chain of guards was placed all about the building, and a careful watch kept up for the Nemesis. A rat could not have escaped without being seen by some of the lynx-eyed guards, and although the building burned to the ground nothing was seen of the avenger.

"He has perished in the flames," cried Judge Mingles in great glee.

As the building fell in there was heard the explosion of a bomb which shook the earth. This, of course, confirmed the belief of all that the Nemesis had perished. The old crazy man was seen on the outskirts of the crowd, jabbering in a half idiotic manner to everybody and noticed by none.

"The avenger's dead!" cried Judge Mingles in great glee. "Ha, ha, ha! We've done with him now. He'll never bother us again. We've done with him!"

Everybody rejoiced when the news went abroad that the Nemesis had perished in the flames. There was mourning in the city, however, for

several prominent persons had come to a mysterious death on that night. Charley Mingles regretted most of all the death of Rhody Boyd. Not that he had any love for his former chum, for a heart as barren and selfish as Charley Mingles's was incapable of the deeper feelings of friendship. He mourned Boyd's death, because through him he expected to work the ruin of Harry Pohlman.

"I must get up some other scheme against him now," said the young rascal. "Let me see, how will I do it? I have it. I will consult grandfather, the judge. He is wise and shrewd, and he will put me on the right track. But will I dare to tell him about the defalcation?"

After a few moments he decided that he would tell his grandfather all and ask the old man's advice. Old Judge Mingles was very proud of his family name, and would not hesitate to shield his grandson in order to save it from disgrace. All next day the city was in a state of excitement, grief and joy. Grief over the loss of so many citizens, and joy that Black Gilbert, the Nemesis of Plummerdale, was no more.

"We've had our last visit from him," chuckled Judge Mingles. "He will never bother us more."

There were two who mourned the sad fate of Black Gilbert. They were Harry Pohlman and Lily Thompson. Though both admitted that he was a very bad man, and no doubt deserved death, yet he had been so kind to Harry, had evinced such a tender sympathy for him, that the young bookkeeper would not have been human had he not evinced some sorrow at his untimely taking off. Next day Judge Mingles was in his office in a very excellent frame of mind, notwithstanding the loss of his woolen mills.

"I could very well afford to give them up," he was saying. "It's a loss of a cool fifty thousand, but then with the loss of that is the loss of an enemy who might and who would have taken my life. I will soon make it back. I'll double all my rents, oppress my tenants, and make my losses good."

He was in this pleasant frame of mind when his grandson, Charley, who possessed all the old man's rascality and but little of his shrewdness, entered his grandfather's apartments.

"Well, Charley, you are not cheerful this morning. Is it the death of Rhody Boyd?"

"Yes."

"You were great chums."

"Yes, grandfather, but that's not the worst of it. Rhody Boyd was to give some testimony against Harry Pohlman."

"Was he?"

"Yes."

"In regard to what?"

"Taking money, defaulting."

The old fellow's eyes sparkled with interest for a moment. He was as anxious as his grandson to bring young Pohlman to grief, for he hated him. Charley did not make a clean breast of everything. He told just such part of the story as he thought best, and told his grandfather that he would be informed on by Harry as a defaulter unless the crime was first fastened on the bookkeeper.

"I have a better plan," said the old man, smiling.

"What is it?"

"Take advantage of public opinion."

"How?"

"Just now everybody is intensely worked up over Black Gilbert, who was burned last night with my woolen factory, which, by the way, is the best use that the factory could possibly have been put. Now there is a strong, broad suspicion that this young fellow had something to do with Gilbert. That Gilbert was his friend no one doubts, and it would be a very easy matter to make everybody believe that he was Gilbert's friend. Issue a warrant, work up witnesses, and charge him with murder, arson and robbery, and you can make it win."

"Can I, grandfather?"

"Of course."

"And will you help me?"

"I will."

"I will try it."

"Be careful and you can't fail."

"I will be careful, grandfather. But you must guide me in this. You are a much better judge in such matters than I."

"I know it, my lad, and you can depend on your grandfather every time, when it comes to planning and scheming."

That evening Harry Pohlman, who had been busy all day, trying to get the books of the firm straightened up, received a note which on opening he was delighted to find from Lily Thompson. It was briefly as follows:

"Come to our house as soon as you can, as I want to see you. Lily."

He hurried to the costly mansion of Mr. Thompson, and found Lily in the parlor waiting to receive him.

"Harry, do you think he perished?" she asked.

"Black Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"I do not know. I fear he did. I was not near the fire and did not see it; but I have been told that a close guard was about the building, and it was impossible for him to have escaped."

"Oh, Harry, I am so sorry for him!"

"So am I."

"With all his terrible cruelty, he was certainly not a bad man at heart."

"I think not."

"Do you think, Harry, that he was sane?"

"No; I don't believe he was. There was some terrible shock brought on his mind by some great wrong. Judge Mingles knows all the mystery."

"Will he explain it?"

"Not to me. I have begged and implored him to do so, but he would not. He merely says you will know it all soon enough."

"Harry, Judge Mingles is a bad man."

"I know that."

"His grandson is worse."

"Yes, but he lacks his grandfather's shrewdness."

"I feel impressed he will yet do you some great wrong."

At this moment there came a ring at the door-bell. A moment later some one was heard asking the servant who had answered the bell:

"Did Mr. Harry Pohlman enter this house?"

"I don't know; I will see," the servant answered.

"No, I will see myself," said a gruff voice.

"What does that mean?" cried the poor girl in alarm, starting to her feet.

"Be seated, don't be alarmed," said the youth. "It is some one that wants to see me, that's all."

Next moment two policemen presented themselves at the parlor door, and one of them said:

"Are you Harry Pohlman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are my prisoner," and in a moment he had clapped a pair of handcuffs on the unsuspecting youth.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Brave Girl.

For a moment amazement and consternation

"Sir, I would like to know on what charge you arrest me."

"Well, conspiracy, arson, murder. Is that enough?"

Up to this time Lily had been silent, but now she seemed to have regained her speech, and with all her pleading soul in her face, she confronted the officer and said:

"Well, young lady, he will have an opportunity to prove his innocence, if they don't take it into their heads to lynch him before the trial comes off."

When they reached the street they found it filled with an excited, angry mob. Harry Pohlman saw many an angry eye turned upon him. Men whom he had all along thought his friends seemed to have suddenly grown to be his bitterest enemies. The truth was that Charley Mingles was passing ten-dollar bills around among some questionable characters to incite the people to lynch the boy. A conspicuous figure was a trapper and hunter who had just come in from the woods that day. He called himself "Arizony Tom." His long red locks, sandy eyebrows and beard seemed to have been bronzed by long exposure to sun and weather. He had been approached by Charley Mingles, and had accepted ten dollars, but as after events showed it was only a blind, for with the aid of his rifle, and the eloquence of Lily Thompson with the mob, Harry was safely lodged in the jail. Charley Mingles was furious that his plot had been frustrated, for he had hoped that Harry would be lynched. After Harry was safe from the crowd, "Arizony Tom" disappeared, and that was the last ever seen of him. The strange character seemed to suddenly appear in the city just in time to save Harry from being lynched, and then to disappear as mysteriously and suddenly as he came. Nobody inquired from whence he had come or whither he had gone. Charley Mingles did not despair of bringing his rival and dangerous enemy to the gallows. He held a consultation with his shrewd old grandfather, and that arch-villain was full of suggestions.

The wily old rascal then proceeded to weave a

net, which he was quite sure would catch the young fellow for twenty years, at least. George Stuart and Lily were constant callers at the prison, and many consultations were held there. George employed a shrewd attorney for Harry, and everything was done that could be in his interest. By the merest accident the lawyer and George learned that Lily was to be used as a witness against Harry. An effort was made that evening to get her from the city, but the papers were served on her. The lawyer had but one other plan. He went to the jail that night with Lily and George, and a minister who went to pray with the prisoner.

"Do you intend to marry this young lady?" asked the lawyer of Harry.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then do so now, for then at the trial she cannot be used as a witness to tell what she knows about yourself with Black Gilbert."

"If Lily will consent."

She blushed but assented. There was a wedding in that dark jail, and the weeping young bride left her husband and went to her home, no one dreaming she was married. Next day when George Stuart called as usual on his friend he found Harry somewhat despondent. He had been reading a newspaper that had been given him. The paper had been bribed by Mingles into saying there no longer existed the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any sane man of Harry Pohlman's guilt. The long-expected day of trial came. The vast courtroom was crowded with people, eager and anxious to hear it. Long before ten, long before the judge was in his seat, the throng began gathering in to hear the case. All eyes watched the great clock slowly ticking off the hours. Ten arrived at last, and the judge entered slowly and solemnly, and took his seat. The prisoner was brought in pale, yet firm. As soon as he entered, a beautiful young creature, clothed in spotless white, went to his side. Charley Mingles ground his teeth in rage, hate and jealousy as he discovered it was Lily. She was permitted to sit at his side. A jury was empaneled and the trial began. The judge seemed very serious, very careful and solemn. The witnesses for the prosecution were called and sworn. First was Charley Mingles, who told of his meeting with the prisoner and having an altercation in the lane, and of Black Gilbert coming to Harry's rescue. His evidence was not wholly a fabrication, but a mixture of truth and falsehood, far more injurious than if it had all been falsehood. He said he had heard the accused threaten to kill Rhody Boyd, and had seen him have a bodkin-like stiletto, with which the deceased had been killed. Several other witnesses testified that Black Gilbert had evinced decided friendship for the accused, and the evidence seemed to go against Harry.

"Miss Lily Thompson will now be sworn," said the attorney for the prosecution.

As Lily arose the attorney for the defense objected.

"What are your objections?" asked the judge.

"She is the wife of the man on trial."

"His wife!" cried Charley Mingles, utterly unable longer to remain silent. "It is false—she is not married."

"Here's her marriage certificate," said the lawyer.

"When were they married—where?"

"In the jail, since his imprisonment."

It debarred her being a witness for or against him. George Stuart was called by the prosecution, and had to corroborate the story of Black Gilbert's sparing a band of pursuers because Harry Pohlman was along.

"Have you no witnesses for the defense?" asked the judge.

"None," answered the lawyer.

"Then I fear it will go hard with him." He was about to deliver his charge to the jury when a deep, heavy voice from the door cried:

"I am a witness for the defense. Swear me!"

All eyes were turned in that direction. A tall, powerful man with long black hair and whiskers was seen striding down the aisle.

"Black Gilbert!" cried a dozen voices in a breath.

Several persons screamed with fright, and there seemed a fine prospect for a general stampede for the door.

"Hold, hold!" cried the Nemesis, in his most terrible voice, and in one hand he brandished a six-shooter and in the other a dynamite bomb. "Everybody be seated."

The command was so sudden and so sharp that everybody seemed impelled to obey. In a moment perfect silence, save the labored breathing of dread, had been restored. Then, in deep, sonorous tones, the Nemesis again spoke.

"I do not come this time on a mission of death and destruction, but on an errand of justice and mercy," he said. "If you will obey my commands and keep your seats not one of you will be harmed, but if you don't, if you make any effort to escape, or detain me, I have here in my hand a ball, which, by dropping to the floor, will explode and tear this building to atoms, and every one in it."

He ceased speaking, and not a single person within moved. After a few moments' breathless silence the judge said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I want to testify in this case. Swear me."

The oath was administered, and then the Nemesis said:

"I am Black Gilbert, the Nemesis whom you thought perished in the burning house. How I escaped I will not tell you now. I am here alive and in the flesh. Now I say solemnly, under oath, that the accused has never directly, nor indirectly, aided me in anything I have done. He had nothing whatever to do with the murder of Rhody Boyd, nor in burning the factory. He is innocent—wholly and entirely innocent."

"Have you more to say?" asked the judge.

"Yes." The dark gray eyes of the Nemesis were turned upon the jury, one by one, who quailed before his glance.

"Do ye believe me?" he asked. "Do you think I have sworn to a lie? Answer, have I lied?"

"No!" roared the jury as one man.

"Then if you believe me, convict him if you dare, and I will see that you fill graves in six days."

Then, turning to the sheriff, his deputies and to the assembly, he gave each a glance of fire.

"I want to impress upon all of you that you are to keep your seats," he said. "Don't one of you move until ten minutes after I have left the courtroom. The man who does dies!"

Turning about, the mysterious avenger hurried from the room, holding his pistol in one hand and the dynamite bomb in the other. Every eye was upon the clock or the sheriff. The latter sat with bowed head, as if he was cowed by the appearance of the monster, and dared not look his fellowman in the face. A deathlike silence reigned over the courtroom, broken only by the loud ticking of the clock. The ten minutes were up. The judge was first to rouse himself.

"Can't some effort be made to arrest that man?" he said. "To be defied right here in court is too much."

"I will go," cried the sheriff, at last stung into activity by a sense of duty. "I will summon a posse and go after him."

The jury was sent out to bring in a verdict, and soon filed into the room again. The judge took his seat and asked the clerk to call the jury, which he did.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" the judge asked.

"We have," said the foreman. "We find the prisoner not guilty."

A shriek of joy from Lily, and a shout from George Stuart, answered the response.

Harry Pohlman, accompanied by Lily and George Stuart, left the courtroom. In the meantime the sheriff and his party were in hot pursuit of Black Gilbert. South of the courthouse was a bluff some fifty feet above the lower part of the town. The city had begun to climb that bluff, for a few straggling houses were scattered along the crest. A man chanced to glance up at this bluff and cried:

"Great guns o' creation! There he is now! Look!"

He pointed to the bluff, and the sheriff saw a man quietly sitting on his horse coolly gazing down upon them. His long black hair, beard and jet-black steed were familiar to Sheriff Barclay.

"Black Gilbert, as sure as I am a white man!" he cried. "After him, men!"

As the horsemen thundered up the street, Black Gilbert suddenly straightened himself up in his saddle, and grasped his reins in a tighter hand. The black steed turned about and went along the ridge at an easy gallop down toward the long west bridge. With tremendous yells, the deputy and his force came thundering down the road on the top of the cliff in the wake of Black Gilbert. That remarkable personage seemed in no particular hurry, but leisurely galloped on. Bang! bang! came a pair of shots in his rear, yet he did not increase his speed. He was already riding faster than any of his pursuers, yet seemed to make no great effort. The long bridge spanning the stream is once more in sight.

"Now, shoot down his horse just as he emerges from behind that old frame house," cried the sheriff.

Not far from the bridge was an old, deserted frame building. Black Gilbert was last seen riding behind it, and shut out from view of all his pursuers. An explosion shook the earth. The old building was blown to atoms, pieces of tim-

ber sent flying far and near, and a dense cloud of smoke settled over the scene. When that had cleared away Black Gilbert was nowhere to be seen. The fiend had disappeared.

A week passed and nothing had been seen or heard of Black Gilbert. Harry had openly declared Charley Mingle to be a defaulter as soon as acquitted and had been discharged therefor.

One day Harry received a note supposed to be from Black Gilbert, asking the boy to meet him at Stone and Birch streets at 12 o'clock that night. Harry went and was blackjacked by an assassin, and was only saved from death by his friend George Stuart, who happened along and put the villain to flight.

One day a short time after this last occurrence an old granny succeeded in getting in Judge Mingle's house, and when he tried to put her out he was surprised to find two pistols leveled at him.

"Who are you?" stammered the judge.

"Your enemy," answered the disguised one.

"Black Gilbert! Oh, I am lost!" groaned the old scoundrel.

CHAPTER IX.—A Warning.

It was really Black Gilbert who, in deep disguise, had dared to beard the lion right in his den.

"Villain and monster!" he hissed. "No one knows better than yourself that you deserve punishment and death. When you sentenced me to twenty years in the State's prison you knew I was innocent. You saw my wife thrown against the pillar of the court by a brute and killed. You made no effort to punish the murderer! Oh, you villain! how many evils are heaping on your head! Listen! While in State's prison I formed the acquaintance of one in a felon's cell who had been sent there by you. He saw you strike a brother dead. He told me that you at one time, under the belief that you were going to die, had written out a full confession. You sent him there because he had stolen that confession from you. I know where it is hidden."

The old man gave utterance to a suppressed yell of agony.

"Now I warn you to leave the city. I have sworn that the city shall fall. The cruel stones against which my wife was dashed, and drank her blood, have already fallen beneath my avenging hand. And I have just begun."

"Oh, spare me; spare me."

"I may spare you, much as you deserve death. But I am changed since I began this terrible career as an avenger. I do not give you your life, however, without expecting something in return. My wife had our baby boy in her arms when she fell; I want to know that child's history."

"You know him?"

"I believe I do. He looks too much like his mother for me not to know him. His resemblance to her saved his life two or three times. But I must know all his history. Why has he been ostracised by your people? Why don't you come out before the world and acknowledge that it was your grandson Charles who robbed the money safe, and not an innocent person?"

"I am not such a fool as to convict my own flesh and blood."

"No—you are playing the same game on him you did on me. I went to prison to screen your son, who was the thief, and now I swear my son shall not go to screen his son. If you will go before the world and declare that your grandson is the robber and Harry Pohlman is innocent I will spare your life."

The cool, gray eye gazed down into the face upturned to him, and there could be no doubt of Black Gilbert's earnestness.

"Judge Mingles," he hissed, through his clenched teeth, "if you don't declare to the world that Harry Pohlman is innocent, I swear you shall die the most miserable death ever man died. I am going to tie and gag you now, and I shall leave you to your pleasant reflections."

Mingles was too much horrified to offer any opposition. Black Gilbert carried under his female attire cords and gags with which he bound and gagged the prisoner. Having accomplished the task, he only stooped again to whisper in his ear:

"Remember my threat; remember my warning. I shall wait with the utmost patience for you to right that young man; if you don't, woe betide you!"

The old woman who had entered unseen departed without being observed. No one knew that a visit had been paid to the house until a half hour later, when Charley Mingles entered the house and found his grandfather bound, gagged and helpless.

"What—what does this mean?" he cried, hastily undoing the bonds which bound the old man, and removing the gag.

The judge was silent for a few moments, and then, turning his eyes upon his grandson, said:

"Charley, Black Gilbert has been here, and he threatens to kill me unless I declare the innocence of Harry Pohlman to the world."

"But, grandfather, that would ruin me! I am even now threatened with arrest unless I explain. I can't explain how the money was missing save by convicting him. What must I do?"

"I don't know, boy," said the old man, shaking his head in a puzzled way. "I am at a loss what to do. We might search the city for Gilbert, but he has disappeared, no doubt. He could not be found."

Next morning, as Charley Mingles was going down the street, he saw an advertisement on a bulletin-board. It was printed in huge black letters on blue paper, and read as follows:

"WARNING!—Beware and take warning, everybody! Plummerdale is doomed, and a reign of fire and death will in a few weeks level every house in the city. This is to warn everybody to leave at once!—Black Gilbert."

They found those warnings scattered all over the city. Some of the people were inclined to treat the matter with all seriousness, but others ridiculed the idea of one man being able to destroy a whole city. Many prepared to leave Plummerdale forever. All the while, day and night, Black Gilbert in one disguise or another, was going about the city. As an old man and old

woman, or rag-picker, he was always busy about the houses. When no eye saw him he planted a torpedo under one house, and a can of combustible fluid under another. Beneath his clothes he carried several cans and torpedoes concealed, which he placed in spots where they could be of service when needed. It is midnight and Plummerdale sleeps. Suddenly the old East church bell rings a wild alarm. Rockets flash across the sky, the police on duty sound the alarm, and people spring from their beds. A man mounted on a powerful horse dashes down the principal street in the city, blowing a trumpet. Dropping the trumpet, when in the heart of the city, he cries:

"Doomed! doomed! domed! Plummerdale is doomed! Fly the city for your lives!"

CHAPTER X.—A General Conflagration.

"Black Gilbert!" gasped scores of people, in faint whispers.

It seemed as if a spirit of vengeance was whirling by on the winds. No pursuit was made, no voice was heard commanding the bold rider to halt. His warning sunk deep into the hearts of some of the people, and they were prepared to take heed and leave the doomed city. Judge Mingles, Sheriff Barclay, and their friends defied the warning, and said they would stay in Plummerdale and go down with the city. Two or three evenings later, Charley Mingles came to his grandfather and said:

"Something has got to be done now. Lowe and Burns have discovered the deficit in the bank accounts to be against me."

"Charley, send Mr. Lowe here to me, please, at once."

Charley left his grandfather's study and hastened away to bring one of the bankers. He had strong hopes that his shrewd grandfather might be able to effect some sort of a compromise. Mr. Lowe was brought and had a long interview with Judge Mingles. Though the judge's political influence was on the wane, he was still a power among these politicians and wealthy men. An agreement seemed to have been arrived at, and Mr. Lowe at a late hour left the judge's house. Scarce had he reached the sidewalk when a man dressed in gray overtook him, and said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Lowe!"

The voice seemed familiar, and as Mr. Lowe's eyesight was not good after night, and he feared to offend a friend by not recognizing him, he pretended to know who he was and returned the salutation. Then they walked for several blocks conversing on the topics of the day, Mr. Lowe all the while trying to think who this man was. At last the stranger in his nonchalant manner said:

"Did you and old Judge Mingles get your matters all fixed up?"

"Y—yes!" Lowe stammered.

"A great rascal—that Charley Mingles."

"What do you know about him?"

"Well, you know he stole the money, don't you, Mr. Lowe?"

"That's a private matter."

"No, a crime is a public matter, Mr. Lowe. Don't you think it was enough, Mr. Lowe, to send

one to State's prison for twenty years for the crime of another without sending his son?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember twenty years ago of sending an honest, faithful bookkeeper to State's prison for a crime he had never committed. Don't you know, Mr. Lowe, that he was sent to screen George Mingles, the real criminal?"

"Who are you?"

"Gilbert McKee, the man whom you allowed to be sent to prison for a crime he never committed. I am Black Gilbert!"

"Oh—oh—oh—for Heaven sake!" began Mr. Lowe.

"Hush! no noise now, for I am not so innocent as I was," hissed Black Gilbert, in his ear, and the muzzle of a bright-barreled pistol almost touched the banker's side. "I know the object of your visit to the house of Judge Mingles, and I overheard a part of your conversation—"

"How did you?"

"It makes no difference how I learn people's secrets, I know that Charley Mingles went after you to come and see his grandfather, and you came. That you were closeted and discussing the seven thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six dollars and eighty-three cents that Charley stole as cashier, according to the report of your faithful bookkeeper, whom you discharged for making the report."

"Judge Mingles is one of our firm."

"Yes, I know he is, and that is the reason his son and grandson must not be punished for their thefts. No, Mr. Lowe, you must not again attempt to shift the responsibility of that crime on the innocent. If you do, not one of you shall live. I have had enough blood—but if you attempt to harm a hair of the head of my son—you know whom I mean—I swear I will shoot you as I would a wolf."

Having delivered his message, Black Gilbert bade the banker good-night, and hurried down the street.

"Police! police! police! Here is Black Gilbert! He shall not escape!" shouted Lowe.

He rushed around the corner into a dark alley.

"Fool! you have brought this on yourself!" hissed a voice from the darkness.

There was a flash and a stunning report. No cry or groan followed the pistol-shot, and after the echoes had died away all became as silent as the grave. A few minutes later, when the officer came to the spot, he saw a dark object lying in the alley. It was a man. He carried him to the lighted street and gasped:

"It is Mr. Lowe, the banker!"

* * * * *

Darkness had once more settled over the doomed city, and many who were ashamed to openly admit their fear of Black Gilbert by leaving in daylight were making arrangements to steal away after night. Charley Mingles and his grandfather were once more closeted in the room of the latter.

"What are we going to do, grandfather?" Charley asked.

"Stay."

"It will be death."

"Death! Bah! to such nonsense! Do you think a single man can destroy Plummerdale?"

Charley, finding it impossible to move him,

quitted the house. A day or two later some men were standing on a street corner, discussing the all-absorbing question of the day, Black Gilbert.

"Thousands of our people have left the city, and thousands more are going," said one old man.

"It's all nonsense," said Mr. Barclay, who was one of the group. "We shall probably never see Black Gilbert again."

"Don't deceive yourself, pardner," said a miner who was one of the group.

"Why, Redshirt, what assurance have you that he'll ever bother us agin?" asked a street loafer.

"He's said every time he's been in the city that it was doomed."

"He'll do it," cried Redshirt. "Ye'll see he'll do it yit."

"When?"

"One week from to-night."

A roar of derisive laughter went up on the air, and Redshirt seemingly discomfited went away. Redshirt was, of course, only Black Gilbert in another disguise. The fatal night came, and more than two-thirds of the people were gone. The police and firemen were kept in readiness. Midnight and the dread silence is broken by a cry of—"Fire! Fire!"

There is a sudden excitement among the police and firemen. A house in the northeast part of the city is burning. Two, three, five houses on fire! The cry is heard on the east, west, north and south. Every engine is out, every hook-and-ladder in use, but houses seem to possess wonderful inflammable properties. All around and in the center buildings are on fire, and the flames are spreading.

"We can do nothing!" cried the chief of the fire department. "The conflagration spreads."

"And the city!" cried Judge Mingles in alarm. "It is doomed!"

CHAPTER XI.—The Explosion Comes.

"Grandfather—"

"Come to my house," said Judge Mingles, "our family all meet there."

"The city is burning, grandfather," said Charley Mingles.

"Come with me," cried the old man.

He hurried to his own house. The flames had not reached it yet, though they were raging all about on every side.

"Grandfather, in Heaven's name let us leave!" cried Charley.

"Never!" cried the old man, growing more and more furious as he found his enemies about to triumph. "We will all die here together, sooner than turn our backs on Gilbert McKee."

The judge's eyes flashed with a deadly fire. There came a thunder of wheels, and a moment later the chief of police came to the door of Judge Mingles' house, and drawing rein, said:

"Judge, we have done all we can, but are utterly powerless to stay the flames."

"Then he will fulfill his vow."

"It's folly to stay here, judge."

"Why?"

"Your house will soon be a mass of flames. It may be a mine, and you may be blown to atoms before you know it."

"I will not move!" the judge cried.

"This is madness, judge."

"Why don't you kill or capture him while he is destroying the city?"

"Of course it is Black Gilbert's work, but the villain manages to keep himself invisible."

At this moment another terrific explosion shook earth and air. Another great stone building not over three blocks away burst into ten thousand fragments, and was scattered far and wide. Pieces of stone flew in every direction, some falling in the street in front of the judge's dwelling. The old man stood with fiendish determination on the stoop of his elegant stone mansion, gazing at the heavens painted red by the midnight flames. The surging, roaring, crackling fire drew nearer and nearer.

"I will have to yield! I will have to go!" the old man cried. "The fiend of a Black Gilbert has wrought all this ruin on us."

Again the very earth seemed to tremble beneath a terrific explosion. Judge Mingles heard a shower of falling rocks whizzing about him right and left in every direction. One struck his thigh with crushing force, breaking the bone. The old man fell at his very door, unable to rise. Inside were his relatives, locked within by his own cruel hand, and he was now unable to save either them or himself. The smoke, hot and suffocating, rolled in vast billows down the street. Suddenly a man with long black whiskers and hair came running down the street. He sprang up the stoop where the old man lay.

"Gilbert McKee!" gasped the wounded man.

"Aha, you know me?"

"Yes, and hate you!"

"If you will sign a confession, stating that I was innocent, and your son George guilty, that I served twenty years in the State's prison for a crime I never committed, you can yet be spared."

"I won't do it."

"Are you willing to die with that lie upon your lips?"

A deep groan burst from the lips of the judge. He heard the fearful flames raging in the distance, and tried hard to drag himself to the door. At this moment there went clattering by a patrol-wagon, in which were a dozen police.

"Here, here is Black Gilbert!" cried Judge Mingles.

"Drive on—drive on—drive on!" roared the police, who were flying for life, and had no thought save for themselves. The Nemesis stood coolly on the stoop, one hand resting on a pistol.

"You need not be wasting your breath, Judge Mingles," he said. "There is no man in Plummerdale brave enough now to attack Black Gilbert."

"You lie, there is one!" roared a voice, and the next moment a man came running up the stoop, his face all afire with rage. In his hand he carried a revolver, and at a glance Black Gilbert saw that it was Barclay, the sheriff.

Raising his pistol, he fired. A deep, hoarse laugh answered the shot, and Black Gilbert said:

"You must think me a fool to suppose that I would go unprepared for your shots. My steel jacket has more than one dent made by your bullets, and yet you have not touched me. You have had your shot, and now I will have mine."

Bang! went another shot. Without a word or groan the sheriff fell upon the steps of the stoop, shot through the heart.

"One more vow fulfilled," said Black Gilbert.

"Villain! you will be hanged for this!" yelled the judge.

"I may, and yet I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have achieved everything I desired—I have destroyed the city—I have accomplished that much."

"Your own son will perish, too. He is in the city."

"You are wrong again," said Black Gilbert. "They have all escaped the city. They left at dusk."

With a groan the old man fell back upon the stoop. His last hope of vengeance had departed. Black Gilbert, or Gilbert McKee, hastened down the street, and hurried away around a corner.

He saw a policeman who had been doing all he could to assist others to escape, struck down by a stone. Black Gilbert was generous and noblehearted, notwithstanding suffering had made him a fiend. A brave man, though an enemy, felled while trying to aid others, did not fail to excite his sympathies. In a moment he had seized him in his arms, and was hurrying with him to a street which he knew the flames would not reach for several minutes.

"Thank you. You have saved my life," said the policeman, on regaining consciousness.

"You have no time to tarry here," Black Gilbert answered. "That entire row of buildings will be blown to atoms in less than ten minutes."

"I will be all right in a moment," said the policeman, shaking his head, which still ached from the blow. Giving his rescuer a momentary stare, he added:

"I know you."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I am! you are Black Gilbert."

"You are correct."

"Well, Black Gilbert, I don't blame you so much now as I did for your conduct. You have done some terrible things, but you have been fearfully wronged."

"I saw that you were a brave, generous-hearted man," said the Nemesis, "and determined you should not perish."

A peal of thunder cut short his sentence. A stream of flame shot upward until it seemed to lick the very vault of Heaven. The terrific roar and flame was followed by vast volumes of smoke and falling stones, bricks and timbers. The final explosion had come and shattered the home of Judge Mingles, sending the bodies flying everywhere among the debris.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Black Gilbert and the policeman were both greatly shocked by the terrific explosion. When the former recovered he saw a form lying mangled in the street but a few yards away. An ambulance wagon came flying down the street. They were about to pass the mangled form when the avenger sprang forward, seized the horses by the bits, and cried:

"Hold! Take this man away."

"Who is it?" roared the driver.

"Judge Mingles. He was blown from the stoop of his house to this place, and you must not leave him there to perish in the roaring flames."

"Put him in."

Black Gilbert and the policeman seized the groaning, dying man, and soon placed him in the ambulance, where half a dozen more were. As the ambulance, drawn by a pair of spirited horses, thundered along the street, the policeman and Black Gilbert sprang on to the rear end of the vehicle.

"Do you know that I blame you less than I did," whispered the officer.

"I have finished my course," said the Nemesis. "My vengeance is complete."

They had reached the open country, and found the roads filled with people fleeing from the burning city. At every mile or two hospitals had been hastily erected for the sick and those injured. At one of these they halted with the dying man, Judge Mingles, and Black Gilbert and the policeman lifted him from the ambulance.

"Who is he?" asked an old woman, who sat groaning near the temporary hospital.

"It is Judge Mingles," answered the policeman.

"Hope he'll die. His stubbornness was the ruin of Plummerdale. He was foolhardy, pig-headed, and we obeyed his requests, and stayed until too late. Three of my sons perished in the flames, and I hope he will die."

The judge, who found his popularity suddenly gone, groaned. As Black Gilbert laid him upon a cot and proceeded to dress the wounds which a surgeon refused to do, he looked up in the face of the Nemesis and said:

"Are you trying to heap coals of fire on my head, by returning good for evil?"

"No," answered the Nemesis. "If I thought this was making your suffering worse, I would go away."

"No, no, stay. If you go away I will be left alone. Stay with me, they have all deserted me at the very moment I need them most."

At this moment the last mine was sprung. A column of buildings were blown high into the air, and Plummerdale was a mass of smoldering ruins. A wonderful change seemed to come over the dying man. His face, which had been purple with malice and hate, suddenly grew pale as death, and his eyes had a look in them that was uncommon for Judge Mingles.

"Gilbert McKee," he whispered.

"What will you have, judge?"

"Do you want me to do justice to you?"

"Yes."

"Bring witnesses."

Fortunately the recorder of the late city of Plummerdale was not far away, and Black Gilbert quickly brought him as well as several other witnesses. Paper, pens and ink were procured, and the recorder proceeded to take the statement of the dying man.

"I want to state before I die," began Judge Mingles, "that I did a great wrong once. I was judge of the Circuit Court of Plummerdale, and my son was guilty of stealing funds from his employer. Gilbert McKee was bookkeeper in the same establishment, and, innocent of any wrong, but in order to screen my own son I had witnesses hired to fasten the guilt on McKee. He was convicted, and I sentenced him myself to twenty years in the State penitentiary. Gilbert McKee was innocent, his wife was slain by being cruelly thrown against a pillar of the courtroom by a drunken officer. His infant child fell from its mother's arms, was taken and adopted by George Pohlman, and is now known as Harry Pohlman. Harry Pohlman is Gilbert McKee's son——"

Either the dying man did not care to reveal the identity of Black Gilbert to these people, or he was too far gone to do so. He died a few moments after signing the confession, and a few moments later Black Gilbert had strangely disappeared. Three days later, after the confession had been published in all the daily papers of the neighboring cities, and spread far and wide over the country, Harry Pohlman or Harry McKee, as he was now known, received a visit from his father, Black Gilbert.

"You have read it all. You now know all," said the Nemesis, leaping from his black horse, and seizing his son's hand. "Do you condemn me?"

"No, father, I do not."

"Then farewell."

He mounted that powerful black steed which had borne him so often out of danger, and galloped down the road. Harry McKee never saw him again. Harry McKee and George Stuart are wealthy commission merchants in a western city, about five hundred miles from the spot where Plummerdale once stood. A bleak barren waste on the plains upon which the brazen hot sun beats at midday, falling on blackened stones and ashes, and which at night is enlivened only by the dismal howl of the coyote, is all that is left to mark the spot where once was prosperous Plummerdale, The Doomed City.

Next week's issue will contain "THE PRIDE OF THE VOLUNTEERS; or, BURKE HALLIDAY, THE BOY FIREMAN."

CURRENT NEWS

PETRIFIED "AGATE TREE" USED AS A BRIDGE

The greatest wonder of the Petrified Forest is the agate bridge. This is a huge tree trunk, 100 feet long, spanning a 60-foot chasm, says *Nature Magazine*. The entire tree is made up of agates, jaspers, chalcedony and other highly colored and handsome stones. In the canyon directly below the agate bridge is a pool of water and around it grow the only trees in the whole country.

POODLE PICKS OUT OWNER

A French poodle decided its own case in the Englewood Court, Chicago, enacting the final scene which determined the ownership of the dog.

Judge Barasa set the stage. He stood at one end of the courtroom holding the poodle while Mrs. Albert Evers, No. 6208 South Rockwell street, and Mrs. Mary Creighton, No. 6147 South Rockwell street, stood anxiously at the other end. Mrs. Creighton said the dog's name was Dixie, while Mrs. Evers claimed the poodle as Tootsie.

At a signal the judge released the dog. Dixie-

Tootsie first ran to Mrs. Creighton, sniffed and then to Mrs. Evers

"Tootsie it shall be," ordered Judge Barasa.

PAINTING IN LIGHT ON THE RIVER THAMES

From London comes an interesting news item describing a new conception in art—painting in light. F. Gregory Brown, an English poster artist, proposes to use the blackness of night as his background, colored incandescent lights as his pigments, and the smooth surface of the Thames as the canvas upon which his creations will be reflected.

"The idea was born from the riot of colored lights in Piccadilly Circus," said Mr. Brown recently. "This uncontrolled anarchy of color, I thought, was merely the first stage. Why should it not be brought within the rules of harmony in line as well as color; why not pictures painted in light as well as pigment?"

It is reported in the *Edison Monthly* that thousands of pounds are to be spent on the scheme and that when completed it will be one of the sights of the world.

A BIG CHANGE IN

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The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Botheration!" exclaimed Jack, shaking the thing.

"What's the trouble? Was it the wind?" asked Ellen.

"No; case of no oil," replied Jack. "Never mind. We can grope our way downstairs. There must be a road leading in here. If you were not so tired I should be for taking to it."

"Oh, I'm a bit rested now," said Ellen. "I'll go if you say so."

"Hark!"

"What did you think you heard?"

"Don't you hear? Sounds like an auto in the distance."

"Really it does. Yes, I hear now. Then there must be a good road, of course."

"Don't you remember coming over it, Ellen?"

"Jack, I didn't go into every detail. I was blindfolded towards the last. They brought me here in a carryall. The way seemed very rough. We walked a good bit, too, after we finally stopped."

"Probably that was just a bluff to make you think they were taking you away back into the woods. It's sure an auto, and I believe it is coming here. We want to light right out. Confound it, we are too late!"

Jack had stepped to the window as he spoke, and now he saw a handsome car come swinging into the yards in front of the house. There were two men in it and as the one who had been acting as chauffeur sprang out Jack recognized Ralph Dubey. The other, who was a large, portly man of cityfied appearance, he did not know.

"It's Dubey!" he breathed. "We are caught, all right. Don't be frightened. We may get a chance to give them the slip."

"Hello, in there!" shouted the superintendent. "All asleep? Come out and lend me a hand. I am Mr. Dubey."

Needless to say no one answered.

"Now what in thunder does this mean?" growled Dubey. "It begins to look, Mr. Lorraine, as if my orders had not been carried out. Remain where you are a moment. I will take one of these lamps and go through the house."

"I shall not be sorry if we find ourselves alone for half an hour," replied the other in a deep voice. "There are several points still to be gone over, Mr. Dubey, and it will be best for you and me to come to a perfect understanding before putting the proposition up to Mr. Melrose."

"As you will about that," answered Dubey, carelessly, "but you need have no fears of Mr. Melrose. He is as putty in my hands. Whatever I say he will sure do."

He took one of the auto lamps then and strode towards the house.

"We must hide," whispered Jack. "Here seems to be a big closet. It will be as safe in there as anywhere. When Dubey sees the door broken down he probably won't investigate any further."

They slipped into the closet and it was only a minute before they heard Dubey at the door.

"Now what in thunder does this mean, I wonder?" growled the superintendent. "Looks like an escape. Somebody is going to pay for this. If that girl has slipped through my fingers—"

He turned away and the rest of his sentence was lost.

"Ellen," whispered Jack, putting his arm about the girl, "did Dubey ever make love to you?"

"No, but I was often afraid he was going to," was the reply.

"Too late now," breathed Jack, giving her a squeeze. "I'd just like to see him try it on. But come! I hear him going downstairs. Ellen, there is surely some new rascality afoot. You heard him call that man Mr. Lorraine?"

"Yes, Jack."

"There is only one Lorraine that I know anything about, and he is Val's lawyer. The rascal has sold out to Dubey, surest thing you know."

They stepped out of the closet and took their places near the window, where presently they saw Dubey come out with the auto lamp.

"There's nobody here, Mr. Lorraine," he said. "I can't understand it. However, as I told you, this is my own private affair. Come in if you want to and we will go over the papers again."

"I must catch on to this if I die for it," whispered Jack. "I am determined to know what it's all about."

They stepped out into the hall and heard the two men enter the room where Jack got the lamp. Here they began talking, but Jack could not catch the words.

"Oh, if I could only hear what they are saying!" he breathed.

"Let us go into this room directly above them," said Ellen. "Perhaps one shall be able to hear better there."

She pushed open the door and to Jack's great joy he saw light streaming up through the floor. It proved to be one of those old-fashioned stove-pipe holes used for heating from a stove in the room below, and Jack dropping on his knees beside it, found that he could both hear and see.

The table had been placed nearly under the hole and Mr. Lorraine was spreading papers upon it which he had taken from a little hand-bag. Dubey had taken a chair and was in the act of lighting a cigar.

"Now bust ahead," he exclaimed. "We are entirely alone. You know what I am gunning for. Val Vane may be dead or he may turn up again, but if my scheme is carried out either way it makes no difference so far as the control of the Cross Creek mines is concerned. I consider the thing as good as done as it is."

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

ALLIGATOR TIES UP NEW ORLEANS TRAFFIC

Traffic stopped at Camp and Gravier streets the other afternoon at 6.30 when an alligator five feet long waddled across the street. It paid no attention to traffic signals. Traffic Policeman John Kent tried to stop the saurian but he waddled on. A rope was secured. The 'gator was lassoed.

Then great crowds gathered while he was hoisted into a patrol wagon. At headquarters Supt. Molony knew not what to do with him. None of the zoos wanted him. Finally a contractor agreed to give him a home.

TWO DWARFED SONS HID IN MANSION

An inventory of the household effects of a Granada composer, Ladipo, who died recently, revealed the existence of two of the strangest beings Spain has seen in years. Ladipo lived with his servants.

Authorities discovered the musician had two sons, each 3 feet 1 inch tall, their bodies perfectly proportioned, but with small heads. They spoke feebly, like voices far away.

The servants said the dwarfs, Jose and Fernando, forty-two and forty years old, had never been outside of the big house, do not know how to eat humanly, have no notion of time and cannot read.

Senor Ladipo concealed them because he was ashamed of their deformity, it is believed. If given proper instruction they will be normal.

ZOO ELEPHANT HAILS HER RETURNED MAHOUT

Last year, on Good Friday, Indirani, the Zoo's largest riding elephant, received in the year 1920 as a gift from the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, went on strike, refusing to obey the orders of her English keepers. As the elephant was only stubborn and not vicious it was decided to import a mahout from India to see what could be done with her. The result of this experiment was surprisingly successful, for the native succeeded within a few days in obtaining a perfect command over the animal. Last autumn the mahout departed for his native land. Since his departure the elephant has been exercised by her white keeper and has behaved in an exemplary manner. To guard against a recurrence of bad behavior on her part this summer the Zoo authorities arranged for a return visit of the mahout. The welcome he received from Indirani was quite extraordinary, the elephant going mad with joy on the appearance of her former master. So pleased was she that eventually she became ill with excitement.

STEEPLEJACK'S LIFE SAVED BY FIREMAN

For three hours and twenty minutes Art Campbell, steeplejack, hung to a slender scantling seventy feet above the ground inside a 120-

foot smokestack of the Sioux City Brick and Tile Company, after a scaffold on which he had been working crashed to the earth below.

Momentarily the scantling threatened to give way, while firemen worked to save Campbell's life. While they worked a forty-mile gale threatened to blow their ladders from the stack and spectators far below shouted up to them to abandon their efforts before they were swept from the giant chimney to certain death.

Ladders, lengthened out to the full extent, failed to reach the top of the stack. Attempts were made to shoot ropes over the top of the chimney, but the high wind carried the ropes far from the mark.

The ladders were then shortened until they reached a point six feet above the point where Campbell clung for life, and the firemen chisled a hole through the brick wall, sixteen inches thick. As the chisel broke through the thick wall the firemen heard Campbell say, "Thank God." A rope was thrust through the aperture and the steeplejack lowered to the bottom of the pit.

When the steeplejack was taken from the pit it was found that his arms were numb from the hours of clinging to the scantling.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

RADIO FOR LEPERS

Off Porto Rico, on Cabras Island, the lepers are quarantined and lead a dreary life, as they may not communicate with the outside world, but now things have changed, and the outside world is brought to them by means of radio. When it was being adjusted there never was a more interested lot of spectators. Rev. Charles B. Bare and two assistants put it up in the clubhouse of the island, and when the "loud speaker" is adjusted the listeners will be able to hear concerts, lectures and everything else in all the large cities of the United States. The superintendent of the island says there will be seats enough for all, so that they may be comfortable while enjoying the concerts.

SHOULD RECEIVERS BE RATED IN OHMS?

The policy of selling headsets on the strength of their direct-current resistance is held to be wrong by many radio engineers. It is claimed that the average 2,000-ohm headset is as sensitive, and in many instances even more so, than the receiver with a resistance of 4,000 ohms. Radio receivers should be rated by their impedance. The impedance varies, of course, with the frequency of the current. One well-known headset manufacturer has taken as a standard 1,000 cycles, and at this frequency his headsets have an impedance of 22,000 ohms. It has been found that this is the resistance of the average crystal or tube circuit. This in itself, however, does not guarantee the efficiency of a headset, since there are many other requirements and features that determine the operating efficiency and sensitivity of the radio headset.

THE RADIOTRON UV-201-A

The Radiotron UV-201-A is an improved high vacuum tube suitable for detection, radio-amplification. It contains the new thoriated tungsten filament, the characteristics of which are long life, low power consumption and low operating temperature, and it consumes only one-quarter of an ampere (0.25 ampere). If the filament voltage is supplied by a six-volt battery, the resistance of the filament rheostat should be at least four ohms. It will be noted that the current consumption is very low; in fact, five tubes of the UV-201-A may be operated with the same expenditure of energy as is generally called for by a single tube of standard type. The UV-201-A, however, is microphonic and should be mounted on cushion or spring supports to prevent noise from vibration. The life of this new tube is usually ended by a decrease in electron emission. This is indicated by an increase in the filament voltage required for satisfactory operation.

MAN MADE LIGHTNING

Four hundred electrical engineers who were attending the spring meeting of the American In-

stitute of Electrical Engineers at Pittsburgh were startled recently while visiting the Westinghouse New High Voltage Testing Laboratory at Trafford when 1,000,000 volts were shot into two brass spheres placed several feet apart. The unexpected display and its resulting blinding flash similar to a streak of lightning out of a clear sky and the crashing noise, man-made thunder which could be heard a mile away, nearly knocked several of the engineers off their feet.

A wonderful illuminating effect was next produced by drawing a high voltage arc over a distance of 25 feet; this demonstration, which lasted for three minutes, lighted up the entire laboratory.

The laboratory is equipped with 1,000,000 and 500,000 volts testing transformers, and apparatus for testing electrical apparatus and insulation under the most unfavorable climatic and installation conditions.

CARE FOR YOUR RADIO TUBES

The radio fan is apt to experience disappointment when he finds that the high voltage leads from the "B" battery have been accidentally connected across the filament posts of his receiver and one or more tubes are burned out.

Although the normal life of the average Radiotron filament is considerably more than 1,000 hours, it requires but an instant to destroy this delicate filament when excessive voltages are applied to the terminals.

When filaments are shorted across a twenty, forty or sixty-volt battery in new condition, the "burn-out" requires but a fraction of a second and unless the user happens to be inspecting the tube at the instant of the flash, the damage would not be discovered until the set was used again. It is a very easy matter to protect tube filaments by either of the following means:

Insert a 100-ohm (non-inductive) resistance for each 22-volt block of "B" battery in the circuit next to the positive terminal of the "B" battery. This resistance may be left permanently in the circuit without any effects whatsoever in the normal life of the receiving set.

Probably the most convenient form of resistance is a 25-watt, 110-volt tungsten lamp, which will provide sufficient protection for plate voltages up to and including 100 volts. This resistance automatically increases with the current so as to act, in effect, as a protective ballast lamp.

RADIO DRAMA

Philadelphians and those who listen in to the Philadelphia stations had an opportunity recently to hear a real "radio drama"—one written especially for broadcasting. The play, a three-act melodrama, "The Secret Wave," was written by Clyde Agnew Criswell, who, with Walter Greenough, developed the "radio drama technique." It was broadcast from WDAR.

"When the moving picture was invented it was found that dramas written for the stage were not suited for filming," Mr. Greenough says; "a new technique had to be developed before the motion picture industry could go forward. It is the same with radio. A new way of writing had to be developed before radio dramas could be as complete and entertaining as the legitimate stage and the moving picture have become."

"The difficulty the moving picture had to overcome was the inability of the players to speak; with radio the difficulty is to supply scenery. Several plays have been broadcast by various stations successfully because it has been left entirely to the listener's imagination to build scenery to fit the words coming through his head phones."

"But it is possible to use the voices of the speakers to show the scenery as well as to carry on the action of the play, and, in addition, to take advantage of many things not possible on the stage or in the films. For instance, the dialogue can continue from scene to scene, a thing not possible on the stage."

WGY, Schenectady, has broadcast several plays, but these were all plays intended for the stage and not for the studio. The local stations have broadcast several plays direct from the stage, and there is no doubt of the popularity of radio entertainment.

RADIO AND RAIN

Since the announcement in February that army aviators flying over McCook Field, near Dayton, Ohio, had succeeded in dispelling clouds by means of electrically-charged particles of sand, considerable discussion has been rampant about the ability of man to control the elemental forces of fogs, clouds and rain. The theory advanced by Prof. Wilder D. Bancroft of Cornell University and L. Francis Warren, who devised the method used by the army aviators, has never been actually disproved. Neither has it been proved to the satisfaction of all scientists. It was devised upon the assumption that spraying the minute drops charged sand would cause negatively charged drops of water which form clouds with positively charged drops to coalesce.

The experiments have been carried on by the army air service and attention is called to the fact that the service has not been interested in causing rain but in dispelling fogs from landing fields. The clouds attacked by the aviators have contained very little moisture, so it has never been scientifically established that the method would actually cause rain.

Almost all of the United States has been treated (or subjected, depending upon your point of view) to excessive rainfall during the past year. Last summer brought more than the average amount of rainfall and the past winter has brought to the East, at least, an unusual amount of snowfall. The theory has been advanced that the extensive use of radio has brought about a super-charged condition in the upper strata of atmosphere and as so affected the clouds as to cause excessive rain and snow fall. Whether or not the theory is correct, we do not know. It has never been scientifically proved. The experiences of the army aviators would lead to the conclusion that an electrical disturbance in the atmos-

sphere has some effect upon moisture. Experiments have been conducted in an effort to broadcast electrical power by radio. It is not altogether impossible to believe that at some future time this method of power transmission may be as common as the present-day method. It is not altogether impossible that the same future may see vast acreages of untilled soil rendered cultivatable by an electrification of the air by power transmitted by radio.

A GOOD HOOK-UP

It is unfortunate that not a few of the hook-ups diagrammed by experts for amateurs either have left out some essential point or the drawing is so sketchy that the poor amateur is driven back and forth from his apparatus to the retailer, to the "immediate" profit of the latter unless he be especially scrupulous.

As has been indicated in more than one high-grade periodical devoted to the radio industry, this profit of the dealer is only immediate for unscrupulous members of the trade can kill the goose which lays the golden eggs—and a careful survey of conditions has brought about the conclusion that the goose is already gasping.

A hook-up for one step of radio frequency amplification is perhaps the most generally interesting problem for the amateur who has got beyond his first plunge into radio development. Of the many which have been outlined during the past month there is printed herewith a descriptive diagram, planned by one of the editors of the *Radio News*.

Place three UV-201 lamps in a row, the F's toward you. Between the first and second place a radio frequency amplifying transformer and put an audio frequency amplifier between the second and third lamps. Leave a one-inch space between each of them. Place a rheostat a few inches in front of each lamp. One wire from the tuner is connected to the G on the lamp. Run a wire from the P to the primary of the radio transformer. A wire run from the secondary to the g on the middle lamp, and another from the P to primary g of the audio transformer. From the secondary a wire goes to the g on the last lamp and one side of the phone is connected to a wire from the P on the last lamp.

Next run a wire from the first rheostat and connect the second tuner lead to this wire. Then run a wire from the second F to the positive pole of a 6-volt battery. Tap in a wire on this lead, run it eighth and tap in a wire to it from each of the other two rheostats.

Next run a wire from the primary of the radio transformer to the negative of a B battery and a line from the positive of the audio transformer to the same battery. From the second secondary of the radio transformer run a wire down and tap into the lead between the lamp F and the secondary rheostat. Run a line from the second secondary of the audio transformer to the line between the last rheostat and the F on the third lamp, and solder it. The other phone wire is fastened to the negative of the B battery. Now a wire runs down from each remaining F on the lamps to the positive of the A battery and the circuit is complete. Attached to a one-lamp set this hook-up will give three stages of amplification.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

LARGEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND

The largest chimney in the British Isles is to be erected at Coventry. It is to be 365 feet high. The world's highest chimney is at Great Falls, Mont., standing 506 feet above its foundations.

GIANT NEW ZEALAND TREE

One of the largest, if not the largest trees in the world has been discovered in the bush at Waihou, Hokianga, New Zealand. It is a huge kauri tree, the vast trunk rising to a height of 75 feet before being broken by the first branch, and measuring 22 feet in diameter and 66 feet, or approximately a chain, in girth.

A well known bush expert estimates the tree to contain more than 195,000 superficial feet of timber, sufficient to build three double storied hotels of twenty rooms each from floor to ceiling.

PLANK TELLS OF SEA LOSS

A bit of plank tossed by the Atlantic for five years, drifted into St. Johns, N. B., the home port of the schooner E. E. Armstrong, recently, bearing a message which was believed to clear up the mystery of the Armstrong's disappearance in 1918.

"Lost ship and crew," said the message carved on the bit of driftwood. "Capt Burns (Me.) survives."

Capt. Burns was the commander of the missing schooner, last heard from near the Barbados. He probably did not survive long, as he never was heard from after the vessel dropped from the high seas.

TROUT FIGHTS FOR LIFE 35 MINUTES

A fishing record for New York waters was made the other day when a nineteen-pound brown trout was captured in Loon Lake, near Malone, N. Y., by A. E. Paye. The great fish gave its captor a long and wearing struggle before it surrendered its life.

Mr. Paye, one of the County Supervisors, was

fishing in company with E. R. Hayes of Loon Lake, using an Archie spinner and minnow with a steel rod. When the fish struck it was realized that a large catch was hooked, but the fishermen thought it was a "laker," which sometimes reaches large size in these waters. They were therefore greatly surprised when it proved to be a brown trout.

From the moment of the strike a battle was on. Again and again in repeated rushes the big fish ran out Mr. Paye's reel until nearly the whole of his line was in the water, and at times the tackle was under perilous strain. The struggle lasted thirty-five minutes before the fish, in exhaustion, gave up. M. Paye has entered his prize in a contest for a reel offered by a Malone firm.

LAUGHS

"Good Heavens, man; pretty badly smashed up, ain't you? Anybody with you?" "Yes, the chap who was trying to sell me this used car."

He—Why do you talk continually from morning until night? She—It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning.

Orchestra Drummer—I'm the fastest man in the world. Violinist—How's that? O. D.—Time flies, doesn't it? V.—So they say. O. D.—Well, I beat time.

"Mamma, what's in the package?" "While at the butcher's, dear, I got some lights for the cat." "Mamma, if I ate lights could I see in the dark like kitty?"

Nurse—Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple? Bobby—I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.

Teacher—Now, boys, what creature is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment? Up shot the hand of Johnnie Thompson, the dunce of the class. "Well, Johnnie," said the teacher, "and what creature is it?" "The moth, miss," replied Johnnie, "because it only eats holes."

Magistrate—Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye? Plaintiff—Your Washup, e' wasn't a physical wreck until e' gave me the black eye.

Dick's parents are well-meaning but a trifle too strict, believing that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." When Dick was asked by a friend of the family what he would like to be when he grew up, he replied, readily, "An orphan."

Wife—I found an egg in the coal-bin this morning. That's a queer place for a hen to lay in. Husband—Just the place, my dear, just the place. Wife—Just the place? Husband—Why, certainly. If our hens begin to lay in coal for us we won't need to mind how the price goes.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HORNED OWLS FEAST ON YOUNG PIGS

Horned owls are believed guilty of carrying off young pigs from Puget Sound ranches. The carcasses of several month-old pigs were recently found in the limbs of fir trees, with full-fed owls sleeping away the daylight hours further above. The owls also carry off large salmon and impale them on splintered boughs of tall trees.

COOL CHILD SAVES CHILD

Hans, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Siverts, was saved from death in Spring Creek, near Golden Valley, N. D., by Carl Maxie, seven years old.

Hans tumbled into the creek, which is swollen by the recent rains. Carl peeped over the bank to determine that his playmate had landed in the water and then ran to a point a short distance below, where the current cut in close to the bank.

He arrived there ahead of Hans, who soon came down the creek, his protruding foot giving the only indication of his presence. Carl grabbed the foot and soon had Hans on dry land, where neighbors revived him.

MONUMENT TO A TREE

Inanimate objects are not often memorialized, and Nebraska has gone ahead of other States in erecting a memorial to a tree. It is a wide stretch between New York and San Francisco, but about half way between, on the plains of Nebraska, there stood, when the "forty-niners" were going west, a cottonwood tree, about five feet in diameter. It was a beauty, and the only big tree in an immense area, so thousands of gold seekers sought its grateful shade, and spread abroad the location for other campers who were to follow. It was sentinel and guide for the prairie schooners until the Union Pacific Railroad laid its tracks and ran its trains. The tree finally died, but some of those whom it had sheltered erected a monument which represents the trunk of a cottonwood and bears the inscription: "On this spot stood the original Lone Tree, on the old California trail."

THREE OF ONE FAMILY REUNITED BY CHANCE

Fate reunited father, mother and daughter at the Texas and Pacific Railroad station, Fort Worth, Tex., after a period of eighteen years' separation. Early in the morning Mary Ellis, eighteen, arrived in the city and asked of the Travellers' Aid to be directed to a nice hotel.

Half an hour later the girl's mother, from whom she had been separated since shortly after the girl's birth, arrived in the city and asked of the Travellers' Aid information concerning a certain firm. Casually glancing over the register she noticed a name which appeared familiar—the name of her daughter. She inquired of the girl's whereabouts and was directed to the hotel to which the girl had been sent.

In a few minutes mother and child were reunited.

Two hours later George Ellis, St. Louis detective, arrived in Fort Worth in search of an alleged girl forger. At the Travellers' Aid office at the railroad station he encountered the address of a girl whose description resembled that of the girl he sought, and found that it was his daughter, who, however, proved not to be the alleged forger.

Going to the hotel, he was met by his wife. Mrs. Ellis fainted upon the sight of her husband, whom she had not seen for more than eighteen years.

Later in the day, Mrs. Ellis told newspaper men of how her husband disappeared shortly before the birth of her daughter from their home in Newport, R. I. When the baby was born she was given into custody of a sister of Mr. Ellis who reared the child as her own. Mrs. Ellis declared that she had believed her husband dead.

The reunited family will return to Chicago, where Ellis is employed.

THE KILLER WHALE

A model of the dreadful Killer—the "wolf of the sea"—is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

The Killer—or Orca—looks like a small whale or big dolphin. Its length varies from twenty to thirty feet. Its jaws are prolonged into a beak filled with strong, large teeth. Commercially, the Killer is of practically no value, its blubber containing little oil. It is found in almost every ocean of the world, being abundant in Japan.

Roy C. Andrews of the museum tells some interesting facts about the Killer in his "Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera." Killers will apparently eat anything that swims, says Mr. Andrews. There is a record of thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals being taken from the stomach of a 21-foot specimen.

They set upon a young whale, baiting him like so many bulldogs. Some will lay hold of his tail to keep him from threshing, while others attack his head, until the poor creature, becoming overheated, lolls out his tongue. This is what the Killers have been playing for. They instantly catch hold of his lips, and if possible, his tongue. They feed chiefly on the head, leaving the carcass when it begins to putrefy.

The sperm whale is probably the only marine animal which is more than a match for a herd of Killers. The gray whale, ordinarily the cleverest of all large whales, becomes so terrified when threatened by a Killer that he either dashes madly for the shore or rolls over on his back paralyzed with fright.

Not even ships can daunt the ferocious Killer, which frequently helps whaling parties by terrifying the mutual prey into non-resistance. Mr. Andrews testifies to an attack made on a man and several dogs standing on a cake of ice. The Killers hurled themselves from below and thrust their great heads through the cracks, snapping their jaws viciously. Fortunately, man and dogs were just out of reach.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

COYOTES KILLING BIG GOATS

Coyotes are actually wiping out the goats, one of the most important agricultural lines in Oregon, and goat owners are seeking relief, according to a report of County Agent Beck, just returned from the Nashville-Nortons district. The coyotes are becoming so predacious they kill big goats and sheep.

AIRPLANE HUNTS FOR MULES

Folks who think spending an afternoon in an airplane is a nice, expensive luxury, would have been scandalized recently when C. W. Kraul, rancher, of Lindsey, Cal., hired an aviator and his plane and went out hunting for his mules.

Hunting lost mules by airplane is declared the very newest in stunts. Mr. Kraul, with Orval Freeman, local airman, soared high, and as they flew Kraul scanned the landscape with a powerful glass, finally being rewarded by the discovery of the three lost mules, which had strayed away three days before.

MINISTER SAVES HIS DOG

It cost the Rev. I. A. Storey, pastor of the Colored Methodist church, El Dorado, Kan., \$6.66 to secure the return of his dog, after it had been captured by Joel Robinson, a negro, who is a dog catcher.

The dog was taken into custody several days ago by Robinson, when he found it running at large. It, with a number of other dogs, was shipped to Kansas University to be used by medical students. The Rev. Mr. Storey wired the officials not to kill it, but to ship it back to El Dorado. This was done, but it cost the minister \$3.66 express charges.

After the dog arrived here the Rev. Mr. Storey secured a city license for it. That cost \$2. The minister then was fined \$1 for allowing his dog to run at large, bringing the costs to \$6.66.

ICEBERGS ARE MOST DANGEROUS IN SPRING

Contrary to the belief of many people, the season when icebergs are most dangerous to ships in the North Atlantic is not in the winter but in the spring and summer, when the big bergs break away from the fields during the winter and drift into the lane of ships. In winter the floating fields of ice are so frozen together that they offer but little danger to ships. The small drifts that float into the North Atlantic in winter may easily be ploughed through by a big ship without any difficulty. In clear weather icebergs may be seen at a great distance so that ships may change their course and avoid collision. The chief difficulty in the spring and summer lies in the presence of fog that usually surrounds a huge berg, so that it cannot be seen. The United States Coastguard maintains a fleet of cutters whose duty it is not only to warn other ships of the presence of icebergs but to dynamite and destroy the bergs if possible. The work must be done carefully, for

there is great likelihood of the explosive merely destroying the top of the berg, leaving the bulk of it floating beneath the surface and more dangerous to ships, since it cannot be detected until the vessel is upon it.

A MUSICAL PIG

There has been added to the collections in the Indian Religious Room of the British Museum a recently acquired granite figure of Nandi, the bull of Siva, the god of destruction. This animal is very frequently represented in Hindu religious art, but the specimen now exhibited is the best and by far the largest possessed by the museum. For the granite sculpture is very beautiful, and is so finely carved as to seem full of life. It may date from the fourteenth century. It was probably brought to England in the eighteenth century, and formed part of the Stowe House collection.

The Department of Ethnography has just acquired a small but interesting ethnological collection from what was formerly known as German New Guinea, but is now Australian mandated territory. Before the war most of the specimens from this region naturally went to Germany, but they are now finding their way to other countries.

Perhaps the most curious of the new objects is a musical instrument carved in the shape of a pig. This comes from New Ireland, an island in the Bismarck Archipelago which was renamed New Mechlenburg by the Germans and has now received back its original name. This instrument is made of a section of a tree trunk about a foot in diameter. It has three upstanding keys, which are played by rubbing the palms of the hands with resin from the breadfruit tree and then passing them over the keys, the principle being that of the musical glasses. The instrument is engraved with inlaid ornament. The pig's eyes are represented by the opercula of shells. This instrument, of which the museum already possessed one specimen, but an entirely undecorated one, is peculiar to New Ireland.

Another object of great interest is a head-dress made of cassowary plumes. It folds up into a very small compass and opens out to make a dignified panache. This specimen comes from ex-German New Guinea. Another curious object is a nut, about the size of a Brazil nut, from which the kernel has been extracted. It is carved outside with a human face. The nutshell is so fashioned as to emit a sharp clicking noise, when clipped by the thumb nail. This sound, which resembles the click of a castanet, is a love-call and is used by a lover to summon his beloved. This also comes from ex-German New Guinea.

A Chinese carving on a white stone, which has been added to the collection in this department, represents two figures of Kwan-Yin, the goddess of mercy and relief. The inscription reads, "Two Kwan-Yins on white jade, one on behalf of deceased ancestors seven generations back, and the other on behalf of my deceased husband, that he may meet Buddha and hear the law." This is followed by a date equivalent to A. D. 552.

STONE-EATING ANIMALS

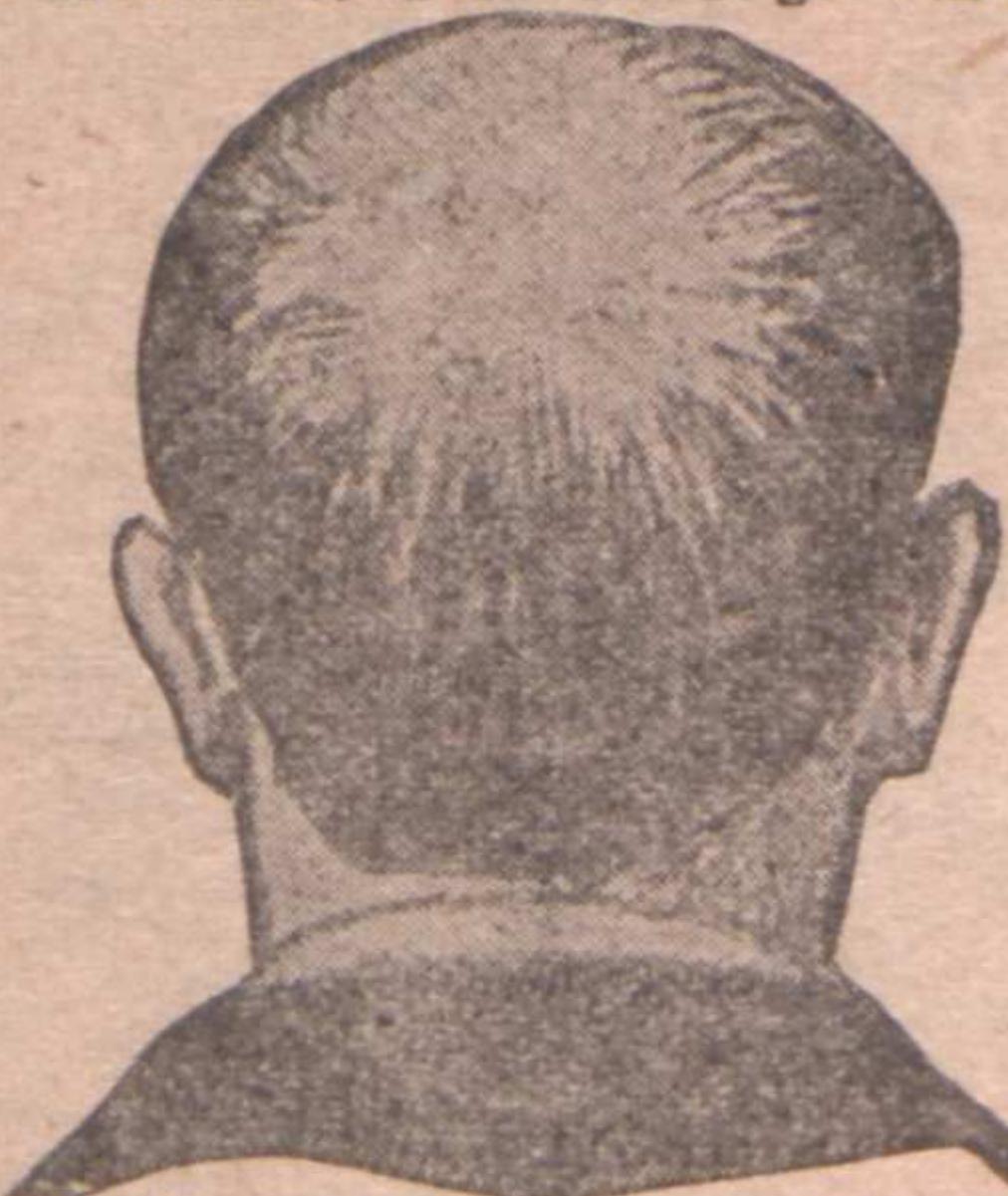
Stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic Seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea. The emperor penguin, on the other hand, shows an instinctive craving for stones for gizzard-grinding purposes; for these stones must be assiduously sought, since these birds never rest upon dry land, but only upon ice. The fate of stones swallowed by birds is not easy to determine.

Another unexpected name in this list of stone-swallowers is that of the Lesser Rorqual. This is a "baleen" whale, feeding upon minute crustacea and fish. From the peculiar method of feeding which is, so to speak, forced upon this animal, it is unlikely that any portion of its food is scooped up from the sea floor; hence the pebbles found in its stomach must be deliberately swallowed, and it is supposed, for the purposes of digestion, or, rather, of trituration. They are hardly likely to be derived from the fish which are engulfed, for these are mostly herring.

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This discovery may be easily used in the privacy of your own home. Within a few weeks you will notice new, vigorous hair beginning to come in and with this growth you can gradually restore your hair to its former bright, healthy color.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that you can be relieved of the embarrassment of baldness and regain the normal hair growth by this method that he offers to send a regular \$4.00 treatment for only \$2.00 to anyone who will write for it. Use it according to directions, and if at the end of a month you do not find your hair returning with all its former vigor, the treatment does not cost a cent.

SEND NO MONEY — just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 721 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., or 721 Terminal, Toronto, Canada, and this treatment will be mailed at once in plain wrapper. Try it according to directions and if at the end of a month you are not more than satisfied with results, your money will be refunded at once. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Dr. Alexander is reliable and holds \$1,000 cash as a guarantee to return your money if you wish.

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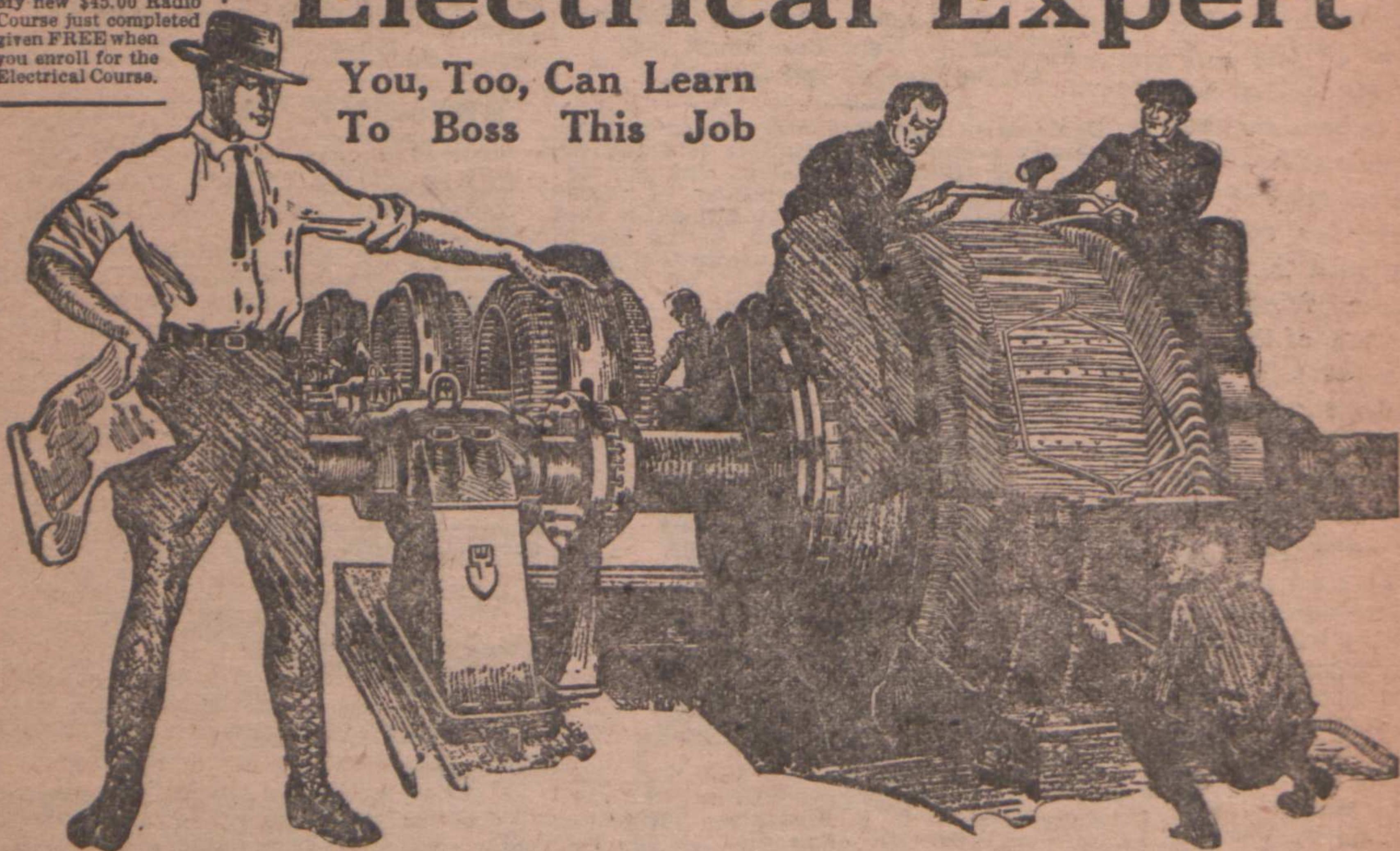
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By R.C. Templeton



THERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD than courage. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in every man's soul and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

It is easy to be courageous when the odds are in your favor. But the greater hero is the man who smiles a brave smile when days are darkest and keeps on fighting toward the ultimate goal—"to the last a warrior unafraid."

As Grantland Rice so beautifully expresses it:—

"God grant that in the strife and stress
Which all must face who linger here—
Upon the Field of Hopelessness
Or with the laurel swinging near,
Upon the world's red firing line
The battle of the strong and weak—
The fate of all the Fates be mine—
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

If Fortune play me false or fair—
If, from the shadowlands I creep
Up to the heights and linger there,
Or topple downward to the deep—
On up the rugged path of fame,
Where one man falls—another mounts;
God grant that I play out the game,
For there is nothing else that counts."

As the old cowboy saying goes—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

What you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are Today.

What you do with your time *from now on* will decide what you will be Tomorrow.

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